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of LITERATURE

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Ideas and Poetry

IN George Moore's recently published "Conversations in Ebury Street," Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Freeman, and Moore himself discuss pure poetry, which they decide to be objective and entirely free from ideas personal to the writer. The favorites go down by ranks; Keats is discarded (did they forget "La Belle Dame sans Merci"?); Browning and Tennyson drop into the basket together; Poe and the Elizabethans triumph. Thus is pure poetry achieved by surgical operation.

* * *

The lover of poetry usually passes through three ages in his aesthetic progress. At first he likes simple, sensuous poetry made up of familiar emotions expressed in figures readily grasped. Poetry tells him nothing he does not know, gives him no feeling he has not expressed, but by an elevation of tone, a fertility of comparison, and a pleasant music, it sheds a sunset glow over his everyday world. He likes "The Village Blacksmith" and "Auld Lang Syne."

In the second age of poetry the reader seeks for ideas. It is his mind that craves exaltation and his emotions are best reached through his intellect. He ponders Browning, discovers Donne, quotes Meredith and Emerson, tries to read Goethe in the original, and dismisses the merely beautiful with some contempt.

The third stage is further sophistication. We grow weary of ideas in poetry and seek only for emotional expressiveness. The line counts more than the thought, the image is an end in itself. We discard, with Mr. Moore and his friends, all Tennyson but "The Lady of Shalott." Poets with a message give us nausea. The Chinese lyric of pure image seems an ideal toward which English must slowly struggle. If we are to praise the poet, he must be a delicate receiving set upon which the pulse of the universe is recorded in patterns of sound whose delicacy depends upon a nicety in an instrument which ideas, philosophies, a message for humanity, might blunt or destroy. We ask of a poem not, what does it mean? but, what does it do? We detest both the logical and the obvious.

This understood, it is easy to see why an age that pumped ethics and philosophy into its poetry, like the Victorian, loses friends among connoisseurs so quickly. Time and the natural progression of taste both outmode it, unless, as in the eighteenth century, poetic taste is anaemic, and, like a starved animal, does not pursue its normal development. Easy also to understand the rich insistence of the pre-Raphaelites upon sense impressions. Easier to comprehend the high price in the contemporary lyric of the image, and of the fresh and striking phrase.

Mr. Moore himself in his taste is pre-Raphaelite. Craftsmanship fascinates him, and he is a rebel against the art of moralizers who hurl badly forged thunderbolts. Pure poetry for him is poetry that is *not* subjective, *not* ethical, *not* ideological because he is weary of that kind. But a George Moore of the twenty-first century may cry aloud amid a profusion of lovely lyrics for pure poetry that is *not* objective, *not* empty of ideas, *not* devoid of ethical tendency. The taste for poetry has a direct relation to the human need. It is not what goes into the poem but what comes out of it that determines success and the effect of poetry is conditioned by the temperament of the age and the reader.

We may get purer poetry by freeing the poetical mind from morbid subjectivity, for confessions of past sins or present passions and exhibitions of emotional complexes characteristic of abnormal states are growing wearisome. Lyric poetry has become a

Whim Alley

By HERVEY ALLEN

Whim Alley once led into Danger Court
Loud with the raucous talk of cockatoos,
Where bearded Jews a-squat in alcoved shops
Sat waiting like royal falcons in a mews.
Softly as rain the voweled Portugese
Fell from their red-ripe lips with eastern news
Of galleons whose names were melodies—
Softly—between the shrieks of cockatoos.
Who cared for royal navigation laws
In Danger Court—for what the Soldan said—
Or papal lines between the east and west?
Abram out-Shylocked Isaac, with applause,
And clutched the sweated doubloons to his chest,
Whose late-lamented owners were scarce dead.
For there were smugglers' bargains to be made
Where leaping arches looped along the walls,
While sunlight shoudered down the long arcade
And dizzened into flame on Spanish shawls.
And what the sequin brought in Louis d'or
Was news—and rumors passed from Trebizond,
While Rachel clinked brass anklets in a door
With a straight glimpse of blue sea just beyond.
Dark sailors passed with tang of wine and tar,
And merchants in wide hats and wider fringes,
And two black sambos smoked the same cigar
Upon a chest with three locks and five hinges.
Vanished in air! Those arches roof a cow,
To parrots' rings the frowzy hens resort;
Whim Alley leads to less than nothing now,
For only shadows dwell in Danger Court.

Romance

By FRANK SWINNERTON

THE word "romance," as it is used nowadays, has no precise meaning. The newspapers find it applicable to a matrimonial entanglement, a legacy to a servant, or the discovery of old bones. Publishers label any volume of incredible incidents a "romance." We have "The Romance of Bookselling," "The Romance of Engineering," "The Romance of Polar Exploration," and the like. Similarly the term "romantic" has only the vaguest meaning. It is made to serve many purposes. "How romantic!" people say, when two young people marry a fortnight after their first meeting. "How romantic!" if an old coin is dug up in the garden. "How romantic!" if a widow dies on the anniversary of her late husband's death. We may very well in the future have romantic murders and burglaries—a murder by candlelight would almost certainly be regarded as romantic; a burglary in which the thief stole only the clothing of a young baby would be the height of romance. And in itself this use of the words "romance" and "romantic" is an illustration of three or four different things. The first of these is the poverty of vocabulary from which journalists, publishers and common people all suffer. The second is what is called the human "craving for romance." Poverty of vocabulary causes words to become vulgarized and hackneyed, as "drastic," "sensational," "phenomenal," "dramatic," etc., have become vulgarized and hackneyed. In such vocabularies there are no shades of meaning, because whatever word is used must instantly strike the attention. But the early result of violence of epithet is verbal debility. Just so parents who threaten lose authority. In this way when we see upon a newspaper contents bill, or in a headline, "Well-known author dies," we know that the dead man is an author of whom we have never heard. That is, in the end all extravagance defeats its own object. More—it leaves behind it a heap of exhausted words. They have lost meaning through misuse.

The second point to be illustrated is the universal desire for the strange. Apparently we must have strangeness, and if we cannot personally experience unusual adventures—as few of us have the courage to do—we strive to have them vicariously. Men get drunk for several reasons, perhaps; but the most common reason is their desire to escape from dulness or sorrow. They seek variety, having it firmly fixed in their minds that what they do in the ordinary way is tedious, and having learned that (although they may be plunged again into gloom the next day) they can escape for an evening by way of drunkenness. Drunkenness is only one form of escape. There are many other kinds of sensationalism. There are drugs. There is sexual experience. There is the excitement of smart life which involves all these three things in varied measure. There is religion. I have often thought that many religious people use religion not as a form of worship but as a form of sensationalism. There are all sorts of ways in which men and women seek escape. Most of them we can gloss under the head "craving for romance."

Just as the Catholic Church long ages ago realized the need of the human soul for confession and absolution, and as the psycho-analysts (their particular dogmatic principles apart) have freshly realized that need today, so it may be said that poets and tale-tellers, dramatizing their own escapes, have realized and gratified the craving for

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last refuge for private egoism in a more and more public world. Yet it is equally true that we may get finer poetry by an infusion of new ideas. Lucretius is not the less valuable because of his atomic theories and Wordsworth's philosophy made him great so long as he remained a poet. Pure poetry is not poetry minus ideas, subjective or otherwise; it is synonymous with good poetry, whether evolution or a cherry blossom is its content and inspiration.

But, of course, the gentlemen in Ebury Street were quite right. They were making an anthology (soon to be reviewed in these columns) and some principle of exclusion was essential. De la Mare knew poetry well enough to quote freely and they restrained him with difficulty from recalling too much!

romance. Given the craving for escape, the means may be afforded in various ways. Sensation, emotion, the illusion of richer life, are what we all demand; and I think it might be said that the arts had arisen in response to that urgent demand. That is not to say that the arts are a kind of base merchandise. They are not. They are perhaps the instinctive fulfilment of all sorts of impulses in the artist—the impulse to create, to assuage, to teach, to edify. Particularly to edify, because I do not think it is ever realized how much a part of the artist's passion it is to please. Some artists (modern artists) think that pleasure is the last thing the artist should give; but Shakespeare did not think this, nor Jane Austen either. But all who have composed great music or painted great pictures or written great poems and stories have wished to create beauty, to diffuse their pity, to exhort, and to gratify man by all these gifts and by the liberation of their souls from bondage. Some have done it by extravagance, some by sublimity, some by intimate humor, some by irony and wit, some by radiant and exquisite presentation of loveliness. I do not pretend that these definitions are exhaustive, but they roughly embrace most of the writers and composers and painters that I can think of at this moment. And although, in a secondary degree, these artists have been (according to the convention of their time or to personal idiosyncrasy) what are called "Classicists," "Romantics," or "Realists," they have all, for the most part, cared less for schools and labels than for the kind of work that came most naturally to them.

I have said that escape may be had in various ways, but the kind of liberation achieved by the artist is different from the escape enjoyed by the passive recipient of art. The liberation of the artist is akin to the liberation of the young mother. It is an escape, a relief; but the liberation is from an emotional experience, and not from boredom. No artist creates out of boredom; all artists create out of absorbing spiritual experience. And the person who is stimulated by art comes to escape by the opposite path. He is the greedy baby bird, who stands with his beak open. The parent artist has enjoyed the thrills of capture. In so far as the artist, besides conveying nutriment to the spirit, can communicate to the parasite the thrills of pursuit and capture, he may be considered to be a romantic artist. It is the object of the classical writer to conceal his thrills, even if he can properly be said to have enjoyed any. If the realist is a good realist he is equally a romantic, because the good realist also communicates his thrills. The difference between the realist and the romantic is that the realist has sought his thrills nearer home. He is not a wild bird; he is only untamed.

The earliest modern literature with which I am acquainted is romantic. The mediæval romances of love and friendship, that is, take us far afield, both geographically and spiritually. Their conceptions of love and duty are poetic. It seems to me that they are still full of that fervor which took men to the East in the era of Crusades. The form in which these stories are told may be constrained, as old handwriting seems to lack something of the flowing freedom that comes of the fountain pen; but the keynote of all the stories is romantic love—a love that is a torture, a sensational experience, a kind of martyrdom. It is expressed in what used to be called "high-flown" terms, which may be a synonym for hyperbole. Love is lifted away from prose. It becomes poetry, or, if not poetry, rhetoric.

In later developments of fiction—for it is gradually to fiction or to fact which reads like fiction that the terms "romance" and "romantic" have been more particularly applied in modern criticism—romance gave way before the sentimental and the naturalistic styles. Romance became bombast—progressing from the heroic to heroics. And, as life grew increasingly bourgeois, romantic emotion—that fervent confusion of the material and physical with the spiritual—became more remote from common affairs. For a time it was submerged. When the world became aware of the loss a strange revival occurred. It was a deliberate and mechanical revival. Romance for half-a-century became *macabre* and "mysterious." To me, the romances of the eighteenth century and early nineteenth century are ugly. They are not really romances at all, but essays in formula. Nevertheless, they represent something which lies at the bottom of the weakness, it seems to me, of modern "romantic" literature. Where there is no romantic inspiration, where "strange," "wild,"

"hollow," "sepulchral," and "terrifying" things arise, we get down to the shallows of manufactured imagination. Ghosts, emaciation, chains, gibbets, groans—are not these things mere ugliness? They are unquestionably mechanical. They are as far removed from poetry (for it was an age of professed reason) as possible. I see no beauty in the romantic revival in England, and little enough elsewhere. But in Germany there was an authentic flowering of the supernatural. It was what the English suburbs call "morbid," but it arose from a genuine state of primitive superstition. It was a survival of what might be called folk romance, and not a sophisticated revival for those who sought relief from life and *ennui* in harrowed feelings.

To be enchanted by an improbable tale of rhetoric; to be harrowed by sham Gothic romances; and then to fall under the spell of a real teller who was steeped in the past—that was the history of English readers. Sir Walter Scott was a creator, and he cast many of his inventions in the past. The novel of past times became, therefore, a "romance." That was possibly accidental; but it weakened the power of real romantics, who were represented in England by the author of "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner." It began to be assumed that the romantic age was of long ago, that the nineteenth century was prosaic and materialistic. This seemed true enough at the time, no doubt, yet the period is romantic enough to us nowadays, veneered by time. We then had the cleavage in definition which had previously been arbitrary. A romance became a story of unlikely incident set in a scene at least fifty years old, in a different country or a distant part of the country. There need be no fervor in it, either religious or amorous, but there must be no resemblance to ordinary life. Scott did not conform to this religious law, but the proof of it is that Scott is now known as a historical novelist. Where he is read at all nowadays the fact is ignored that he was not always historical, that his was rarely that fervid, crusading "romantic" spirit of the earliest romancers, but merely the active imagination of a great novelist who threw his gift into the themes and periods amid which his mind most easily moved. Nothing could be more false regarding Scott than the epitaph pronounced upon him by Robert Louis Stevenson—"A great romantic; an idle child!"

Nevertheless, Scott left upon English fiction this mark, that a novel of historical scenes and persons is a romance. English novelists have ever since worked upon this assumption. A novel is a domestic or psychological chronicle. A romance is a strange or bizarre narrative of happenings in older times or in a strange quarter of the earth. A romance is something one reads in order to be taken away from "the sordid realities of everyday life." No book dealing with ordinary happenings can possibly be a romance, because the word "romantic" means "antique" or "fake" as well as odd. When Stevenson came into the realm of invention with his gracefully-written tales, romance became "picturesque," and Stevenson again has had his influence until the present day. Romances are better written than they were before Stevenson, but they are creatively inferior. Stevenson was a great and elaborate inventor of play, and for him romances were games. They were, in his case especially, escapes from reality. Being an invalid with a love of derring-do, he lived again as the vigorous heroes of his books. He it was who made pirates and buried treasures practicable copy for the romantic novelist. Defoe had seen the desert island, and other writers had buried treasure upon it; but Stevenson developed the chart and the blind man, the color and ring, and air of braggadocio. For him the air was the thing. He loved prose as a pliable instrument. He savored his own invention as few writers have ever done. He was one of those novelists who are known as "cunning craftsmen." And, taking his recipe, the writers of picturesque romances since Stevenson have all been cunning and crafty men, but they have not increased the prestige of the romantic novel. They may have diverted the stream of romance into sensationalism, but they have sacrificed all to crime and popularity. They have made it possible to define the modern romance as an improbable series of inventions to be read for entertainment alone. An escape, certainly, for some readers; but less an escape than a distraction; and at times less a distraction than a mere swimming of the eyes and the judgment.

Is it any wonder that the modern romance is something no more moving than a hired suit of armor? Stevenson could make it rich in entertain-

ment, because he had great enjoyment, because he played a game with relish. But he externalized romance. His characters said and did things but they did not feel them. He did not wholly externalize romance himself, because he was a writer of extraordinary talent; but to those who followed he made it an affair of trappings, of dresses and swords and oaths and odd properties. A pirate's red handkerchief, a smuggler's boat, an island, guns, darkness, duels by candlelight in quaint costumes, a famous name . . . these things are trappings. They have an effect upon the naïve imagination. They quicken our heart-beats, because we desire romance. But they are not of the stuff of romance as those believe who are instinctively romantic. They are cunning affairs, and we respond to them; but we are not transported, not "rapt clean out of ourselves," in Stevenson's own phrase. When we are rapt clean out of ourselves it is by absorbed conviction that what is set down really happened. We accept the author's version without questioning his details. Stevenson loved the detail, because he prided himself upon it. We love the detail in Stevenson's case, because he loved it. But that is not true romance. We do not believe the book. We read it, but we do not grant its permanence, because we know it is not true. True romance may lie anywhere, because real romance is reality itself. We arise each morning to real romance. If we say that reality is humdrum, that is an admission of our own imaginative bankruptcy. It is not a justification of the picturesque lie as art.

What, then, is real romance? Does it consist of the invention of happenings which are unfamiliar? Of scenes in other quarters of the earth than our own? I cannot think so. We have had Conrad writing of strange deeds in strange places, and I agree that Conrad's books are romantic. But they are romantic because Conrad believed and makes us believe in the importance and reality of those actions and those scenes which he described. It is not their strangeness that makes them romantic; but their air of being customary and credible. They are romantic because they are made to seem common. We do not yield our judgment for the sake of escape; we read and believe because we must. It is thus to be suggested that the romantic is an attitude of the spirit. Conrad at his best is a great novelist, because he creates from his imagination. He is not cheating us. He is not when he takes up the pen, exemplifying a kind of life or a vision of life which he knows to be false. He is not entertaining us with his tongue in his cheek. He is, on the contrary, an artist. He is revealing his own romantic vision, which for him is reality. I should say that exactly in the degree in which a novel has been truly imagined it will be believed. It will be romantic because it will be true. We escape in Conrad as we escape in Beethoven or in Shakespeare—for no base motive of escape, but because we are irresistibly seized. It does not occur to us to label the great artist romantic, although he must be so, because in his best work he transcends any definition of romance and reveals to us in its true colors that which we spiritually recognize to be life itself. Life transfigured, translated indeed, but recognizably life. Life that satisfies that reference to essential truth which lies far deeper within our hearts than our theories and definitions. The dealers in Brummagem romance, like the dealers in gimcrack emotion in any art, invite definition. They produce their goods openly as stimulants, drugs, good warm blankets for the heart, fireworks for the soul. They might catalogue their offers:

1. Very Good Escape. Latest style. \$2.00.
2. Real Romance. 400 pages in which the hero, oft discomfited, wins the heroine in the end, gains title, wealth, and all bonus benefits without risk to himself. \$2.00.
3. Extra Special Dope. Op. 43. Guaranteed to produce that self-complacency which follows a notorious good deed. \$5.00.

And so on. But these are marketable goods. They may be escapes for their manufacturers, but they will not last. They are as much a product of the hour as the romantic marriages, romantic murders, romantic engineering and bookselling, romantic legacies to lady's-maids, and romantic mincing-machines (which after all do no more than transform cold mutton into something very like hash). And they are only drugs for the debilitated. They may distract, but they cannot give us life. Their ingredients, if not palpable or declared, are to be guessed. Gold and colored paints are among them, and so is water. But the prime ingredient, without which they could not exist for a moment, is sugar.

Mr. Huxley's Interludes

YOUNG ARCHIMEDES. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: George H. Doran. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

VERY diverse in matter, and in manner facile, gracious and unhurried—some of them slight, the occupation only of an artistic moment, others elaborated with the patience of a craftsman cutting an agate—these six stories, one fancies, have been interludes in Mr. Huxley's work. Pleasantly, they lack that weighty sense which invests the work an author sends forth with all flags flying, challenging judgment. They will, says the book jacket, "recruit Mr. Huxley's audience, already so large." They should do that, and they should take a place on the library shelf devoted to the more distinguished among distinctly modern books.

It is a book that will be pleasant reading to those who love the language, who appreciate a texture of speech competently woven and of rich color and design. Here, too, is an observer detached yet understanding, one who sees much and well, an understander of hearts, wielding irony and pity, and both with restraint.

The tales are uneven in quality, as in length. "Hubert and Minnie" has its unemphasized poignancy; a brief meeting of the puppy love of a very young man with the desperate infatuation of a heart-starved older girl; the dénouement rather unusual in that he flees at the moment of her surrender.

"The Portrait" is a delicious, and doubtless veracious exposure of the wiles of art dealers of a certain class, and incidentally it includes as deft a romantic yarn as we have read for some time. "Fard" is the merest sketch, good, but defective in that after all it is no story. This fault appears much aggravated in two of the other longer pieces. "Uncle Spencer," the first and longest, is several stories, yet no story. One hundred and thirty-seven pages hold your interest despite faults of style not apparent in the other tales, only to bring you suddenly up against a perversely cryptic ending. You feel cheated. It has been a long climb, not without interest, but you are unprepared to have your guide leave you flat on a bare summit with the remark that after all there is nothing to see but scenery. By every standard, having listened to your story-teller so long, having been led to the point where by every recognizable characteristic you should be rewarded with a climax and solution, you are entitled to some indignation when he simply stops abruptly. It is all very modern and clever, no doubt, but you have a stubborn conviction that when an author really has a story, he tells it. On the long rambling road you have travelled from the day when the boy and his uncle ate shrimps in the railway coach, you have, indeed, had many illuminating glimpses of life, of character. But it is much too long, and this because, among other reasons, the author has said many things over and over; a curious, irritating fault of this one tale only. "Little Mexican" is much more sharply etched, moves with much better vitality—but ends even more perversely. You have the story of the very interesting young Count and the very delightful old Count interwoven, their purposes, their problems, their trials put before you, and then you come bang against the end in a scene where the old Count has suddenly recovered his gaily licentious vitality, but how and why—and what of the young Count—are matters the author does not deign to disclose.

The title story—"Young Archimedes"—is a thorough delight, a little masterpiece, a composition so rounded, articulated, gracious, that it has a kind of melody, it is like music, something for flutes and violins. It opens with certain descriptions of mountains, and the play of the life of sunlight and shadow over mountains and valleys, which are as subtly veracious as the present reviewer, a lover of and brooder upon mountains, can remember to have read, ever. Of many magic passages, consider this:

As the afternoon wore on the landscape emerged again, it dropped its anonymity, it climbed back out of nothingness into form and life. . . . The level light, with its attendant long, dark shadow, laid bare, so to speak, the anatomy of the land, the hills—each western escarpment shining, and each slope averted from the sunlight profoundly shadowed—became massive, jutting, and solid. Little folds and dimples in the seemingly even ground revealed themselves. . . . And as the sun expired on the horizon, the further hills flushed in its warm light, till their illumined flanks were the color of tawny roses; but the valleys were already filled with the blue mist of evening. . . .

The tale is of a beautiful Italian peasant boy who thrilled to the beauties of music and mathematics. It would be pleasant to quote, say, the description of Guido's sudden rapture when he first heard the slow movement of Bach's Concerto in D Minor; space forbids, but—there is the book itself which should be possessed by all lovers of the beauty, of the wonder of life, beautifully transcribed.

An Angry Novel

SOME DO NOT. By FORD MADOC FORD. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

PASSION makes a work of art and anger destroys it, yet passion and anger are certainly related states of mind. The latter, of course, is personal and concerned only with self, while the former has detached itself from the ego and embraced a "cause" or an idea, but it is doubtful if it ever begins except as a sense of personal wrong. That Milton would never have conceived his passion for freedom of speech or for the right of divorce if those passions had not begun as the anger of a strong man thwarted, is a commonplace, but there are other and subtler examples. Because Strindberg was unhappy in his personal relations he came to see the whole world in terms of his own exasperation and many a writer suffering under the smart of even an illusion of persecution has become, because of that, the passionate defender of a race, a creed or, perhaps, of humanity itself. Nor does

above the level of angry petulance. It is true that the outward motions of transmutations are gone through. The literary world comes in for only incidental attacks, and the hero, a brilliant mathematician of Tory principles, ruins his career in official not literary circles, yet the anger of a personally disappointed man is more evident than the passion of a great soul. The book, it is only fair to add, is reported to have had a very remarkable reception in England and to have gone through several editions, but one reader at least got as his reward for the close attention necessary to follow its rather obscure method of story telling little except glimpses of a man too angry to be very interesting.

To be specific, the story deals with the life of a very upright man in a very naughty world. Christopher Tietjens, the younger son of an old family, stands for substantial British virtue, sobriety and honor as opposed to the loose living and the sentimentalized immoralities of the modern representatives of his class. As a result his name is smirched with scandal and his world turns him down. It is a simple and dignified theme susceptible of simple and dignified treatment but the author's anger clouds his picture and transforms his hero into a somewhat foul-mouthed scold who obscures his supposed virtues with a torrent of railing. In his thoughts most of the men of his acquaintance appear as "swine" and the women he calls almost without exception (the diction is his not mine) "whores." That is the fact which seems most typical of the book. Perhaps the two epithets are indeed the ones most applicable to the majority of those who constitute upper-class circles in England, but it would require a book less hysterical to convince one of the fact.

Chinlessness

HARVEY LANDRUM. By RIDLEY WILLS. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1924. \$2.00.

HARVEY LANDRUM was born with that most telltale of physiognomical characteristics, an almost total absence of chin. And Mr. Wills writes the story of a growing boy and a man who lived a lie. For Harvey, about the time his adolescence was beginning, discovered by chance in a fight that the show of strength and bravery was a large part of the battle of life. He put off the broken spirited existence that had earned for him the nickname of Snakeface and the reputation of coward, and donned the mask of force and ruthlessness. As he grew up to be a man he cultivated the manner. It served him well enough against the timid owner of the newspaper on which Harvey worked; it served him in his courtship (not to the manner born but to that acquired) of the high born Eleanor Witherspoon. It was not until the night when he swooned in an agony of revulsion at the sight of blood at a prize fight, not until he thought that his wife saw wholly through his sham, that Harvey gave way and melodramatically, though not successfully, attempted to end his life beneath the wheels of an automobile.

Mr. Wills succeeds in his story of this living lie only to a limited degree. He offers no convincing psychological analysis of Harvey's states of mind, or of the continuing animating false bravery which gave him power over others. As Harvey's discovery of the importance of seeming courageous and commanding was accidental, so are his later manifestations of that assumed character. Mr. Wills unfolds his hero in a series of incidents to illustrate the development of this chinless braggart and bully; and there are evidences that Harvey has at times deceived even the author too. The Harvey who on some pages is intellectually keen and perceiving is wholly irreconcilable with the lummox who behaves like a trained ape in his brief married life with Eleanor. As a study of what might have been an appealing and perhaps an interesting character, Mr. Wills's portrait resembles a canvas wherein several rude notes of features in paint have been made—hardly more.

Further, Mr. Wills's novel raises the question whether along with the public demand for truth in news, we should not require as urgently more truth in fiction. It is entirely arguable that many groups of authors have taken a far greater degree of allowable liberty—in proportion—in our novels than have the news writers in their more prescribed art. One reviewer at least resents being the victim of bullying authors who write that such and



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Lithographic Portrait of Joseph Conrad
By Carton Moorepark.

the nature of the origin detract from the importance of the thing produced—perhaps indeed nothing is more fundamental in artistic creation than this process which transmutes or sublimates, and makes passion out of anger—but the transmutation is the fundamental thing and the distinction between the two is clearly marked. Indeed it would be an interesting though easy task for some critic to discriminate between them as they appear in different pieces of writing and to show how the one produces great work and the other only petulance; how angry writing is confused, violent, and feeble while passionate writing is clear, calm and strong; how the one burns with a bright flame, while the other smokes like an ill-made torch, and blackening the objects around, reveals only uncertain glimpses of their distorted forms.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer or, as he now prefers to call himself, Mr. Ford Madox Ford, has hung for years on the edge of literary fame. Back in the forgotten nineties he even contributed to the near-sacred *Savoy* and two generations of writers, many of them doubtless unworthy, have passed him on the way to celebrity, leaving him, after a lifetime of literary effort, a name still so vague that his publishers find it advisable to advertise him as "Joseph Conrad's Famous Collaborator." Under these circumstances it is not difficult to understand that Mr. Ford should be angry and there is nothing in the nature of the case to explain why he should not transmute this anger into passion and why he should not write a book called "Some Do Not," which would sear the souls of those unworthy ones who are willing to play the game and rise step by step in the rotten hierarchy which they serve. Unfortunately, however, we are not dealing with a possibility but with a fact, and the actual novel which he has written does nothing of the sort since it rarely rises

such things happened—if you don't believe them, just look at the character of the hero which explains it all. Yes, we may answer, but the hero isn't within the bounds of belief. Ah, reply our authors, but look at the things he did and the things we made happen to him—they explain the man. We can set up no denial of fact in reply; but we can ask that persons in a world represented to be the one in which we live act at least in accordance with certain varieties of experience which commend themselves to reason and credence. Mr. Wills is not a prime offender in this respect; but this is his first novel, and a long suffering reviewer warns him that he can most profitably use those powers of observation and perception which disclose themselves here and there in his book in the study of humanity as it is.

A Unique Triangle

THE WIDOW'S HOUSE. By KATHLEEN COYLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

HAD not fiction been so frequently and tediously divided into diametric halves, classical and romantic, subjective and objective, tragic and comic, realist and idealist, one might attempt a new division into the epic and the personal. Kathleen Coyle's work is far on the "personal" side of the line, so far that "The Widow's House" is an almost perfect example of the merits of the non-epic school. An English sailor's widow takes as lodger a young schoolmaster, vents the energy stemmed by bereavement in mothering him, marries him and then resigns him to another woman, younger, more vital, less placidly maternal, and returns to her empty days. So diminutive is the episode that, on the face of it, it might be an account of the activities of an ant-hill. The writer, however, instead of being oppressed with the insignificance of her theme, assumes that nothing is insignificant when it is fully known. With a wealth of delicate perception and sympathetic insight into human nature, she fills in the unknown quantities of her character-equation, stroke by stroke, until the whole tale moves in a mantle of stately beauty and dignity.

Tout comprendre, c'est aimer is the spring which feeds this crystalline book. The widow, Annie Capgrave, with the depth, simplicity and sincerity of the sea; Stephen Host, the bewildered young man who is torn three ways by his love for Isabel Beggary, by his mother's insistence that he complete his father's archaeological studies of the Roman character of the East Coast fishing-village of Lenne, and by Annie's quiet assumption that a man of letters is no different from a man of the sea, that all men have definite work to their hands and must be mothered, fondled and fed; the glamourous, intolerant, dynamic Isabel with her passionate eagerness to see her lover accomplish great, rather than second-rate, or safe, achievements: these are so brought together in a strange triangle that the reader sympathizes with all three tragically opposing forces. The solution, too, is characteristic of the style, for Annie, whose depth of being makes her love and comprehension greatest, is the one who makes the sacrifice.

"The Widow's House" is distinguished by a rare loveliness of phrase, by adjectives arrayed with haunting, almost breath-taking power of beauty, by noble perception of the nature of women. In the nature of man Kathleen Coyle is not so much at home. Her hero is a shade too subdued, too unaggressive, too sensitive, to rank as thoroughly virile. Indeed, it is not common to find a woman writer who can project a male character that stands out as a concrete type of manhood; he is often an appealing or a greedy little boy, but always the little boy. Perhaps it is natural that men should so appear to their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters when one recalls that no man is a hero to his valet; perhaps in the happily distant age when women shall take direct control of the machinery of society, men will rank definitely in these puerile categories; but it is a present defect in the "personal" book that it fears to adopt the concrete actions that suffice for the epic, and an anomaly that Kathleen Coyle, who so thoroughly understands the art of making her characters express their emotions in action, should not attempt the corollary of making the manhood of her hero intelligible by some deed of accomplishment such as those by which men are finally judged.

A Critical Scrap-Book

MATERIA CRITICA. By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2.00.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

THE great merits of Mr. George Jean Nathan as a critic are that he is honest, independent and fearless, and that within certain limits he is sagacious and discriminating. He is not tied to any theory or group; he is very seldom infected with critical crazes or imposed on by literary or dramatic fashions of the hour. He knows a great deal about dramatic literature and the theatre. A vigorous native common sense enables him to detect a good many shams which need exposing and which he exposes with the liveliest relish. His principal defects are a tiresome and sophisticated vulgarity of style, and an inability to see or understand certain kinds of excellence.

His latest work is a sort of critical scrap-book. The items, which range from *pensées* to short essays, are loosely classified under the headings Critic and Criticism, Art and the Artist, Certain Dramatists, Certain Actors and Actresses, Familiar Types of Entertainment, and Notes on the Theatre in General. The first two sections deal for the most part with critical theory, and in theory Mr. Nathan is weak. He is essentially an impressionist, maintaining that "criticism is the child of strong prejudice," and that it should be a record of the critic's actual reaction to a work of art; it should not condemn what the critic has (perhaps shamefacedly) enjoyed or praise what he has dutifully endured. So far, so good; but Mr. Nathan's conscience will not let him be satisfied with mere impressionism. He recognizes that criticism has also a judicial function; it "should be the art of separating the good from the bad, and espousing the cause of the good." This is excellent classical doctrine; it might have been uttered by Mr. Sherman, and would have been cordially endorsed by Matthew Arnold. And Mr. Nathan at times goes even further:

Sound criticism and one's wayward personal tastes are at times . . . of a brilliant and even startling dissociative action. . . . The defective art of personal taste is thus often caught in the professional act of handing over its sword to the art of criticism on the field of an aesthetic Appomattox. . . . All criticism is, to a greater or less extent, a convincing and indisputable lie. And finally he praises the critic who is "free from empty prejudice."

It is clearly impossible to reconcile these inconsistencies. The fact is that sometimes the impressionist view of the critic's function appeals to Mr. Nathan's mood, and at other times he is struck with the necessity for some sort of standard more valid than personal taste and immediate reaction. He adds to his own and the reader's confusion by adopting the old romantic fallacy of the unconsciousness of genius and applying it to criticism, the field in which its absurdity is most manifest.

The great critic no more knows why he is great than a seven-year-old chess prodigy knows why he is the expert that he happens to be. . . . Genius is ever a complete stranger to itself.

If the implications of this view were consistently carried out, all criticism would be reduced to the level of an "O altitude!" If space permitted, it would be easy to point out other confusions and antinomies; but these are enough to illustrate the incoherent and self-contradictory nature of Mr. Nathan's critical theory.

Fortunately, however, logical speculation about criticism is by no means prerequisite to shrewd and penetrating critical comment. Along with the confusion of theory and the mass of irrelevancies in these first two sections, there are sound and illuminating observations like this:

The enthusiasms of the young critic for new gods are ever found to be actually less for the new gods than for the young critic himself. The critics of the Younger Generation appreciate . . . that if they are to gain any notice at all that notice must be achieved by novel and startling means. . . . Thus we get a succession of Gertrude Steins, Tagores . . . Arthur Machens and the like, who, once they have done duty in giving the young critics their little day in court, pass from the scene and are never heard of again.

Mr. Nathan's sketches of various stock types of drama—the biographical play, the dream play, the "actress-made play," etc.—are acute and entertaining, and have more critical value than their cynically frivolous manner would suggest. He is at his best, however, in such shrewd bits of generalization as I have just quoted, and in his judgments of particular actors and playwrights. Generally speaking, he is more reliable on the actors than on the dramatists; it is in his pronouncements on some of the latter that his most serious limitation is revealed. On writers of the second rank or lower he is for the most part excellent. He sees at once through the pretensions of Clemence Dane and Owen Davis; he is discriminating and suggestive on Drinkwater and Molnar; he exposes ruthlessly the emptiness of Pinero, while doing full justice to his technical expertness; and he is not fooled by the hocus-pocus of Pirandello. He is refreshingly sane and frank about the weaknesses of O'Neill and Andreyev. On some greater men, too, he is admirable. His estimate of Strindberg is both witty and just.

Genius, in the case of Strindberg, is the capacity for dramatizing infinite pains. Strindberg is occasionally a genius. But Strindberg is also occasionally an absurdly unconscious quack.

But when Mr. Nathan comes to some of the upper reaches of drama his power of vision deserts him. There are doubtless elements of pretense in Maeterlinck's early plays; but it will not do to dismiss Maeterlinck as fundamentally a charlatan. The critic who does so proves merely his own insensitivity to certain emotional and spiritual values. It is not illuminating to hear that "the secret of Barrie is to set forth the heavily sentimental in terms of the mildly cynical—a good trick that he negotiates with uncommon skill." The critic who tries to sum up Barrie in a smart epigram of this sort can hardly have had a glimpse of what Barrie means. The diagnosis of Galsworthy is about on the same level: "It is the purpose and technic of Galsworthy to intellectualize the Pinero drama." And much as Mr. Nathan admires Shaw, his comments on "Saint Joan" show that he has never understood the romantic passion for perfection at Shaw's Puritan heart. "Saint Joan," Mr. Nathan is reluctantly forced to conclude, is "conscious hokum"; "Shaw is undoubtedly just selling his soulfulness to the box office devil." Here is Mr. Nathan's fatal lack; he quite honestly cannot understand a genuinely idealistic piece of work. He is frankly unable to distinguish idealism from "hokum" or commercialized sentimentalism. All he can see in it is "a good trick" or a clever and profitable enterprise in literary prostitution. His natural reaction to the imaginative portrayal of some of the finer shades of human feeling is pretty well illustrated by a remark on Shakespeare, made partly *pour épater les bourgeois*, but none the less characteristic: "At its practical best, 'As You Like It,' theatrically the flimsiest of Shakespeare's plays, is little better than the legs of its particular Rosalind."

What I tried to describe as the wearisome and sophisticated vulgarity of Mr. Nathan's style is a result, I suppose, of the same fundamental defect of perception. As some of the quotations cited above suggest, he can write admirable English when he chooses; unfortunately he more often chooses to write in the lingo (spiced with a few learned words) of the clever drummer in the Pullman smoking compartment. His book is a remarkable compound of confused theorizing, sharp and discriminating critical judgments, curious insensibilities, and deplorable literary manners.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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membered, not as an historical novelist, or psychological researcher, nor for useful services in the great War—which seem to have been considerable—but as a writer of detective stories. There are not so many of that *genre*, and few indeed in his class. The superficial technique of his stories may be crude, the banality of manner unilluminated by a spark, but the quantity of them, the incentive power and fertility involved, the all but infallible success of nearly every one, the automatic skill to grip and hold and pull it off, is extraordinary. It is the kind of thing that never can entirely go out of fashion.

The chronicle of Sir Arthur's life may be put in epitome somewhat as follows: Ancestry of the Irish gentry; early struggles in Edinburgh; obtains his medical degree, goes as surgeon first on a whaling ship to the Arctic, and then on a trading vessel down the African coast; settles in Southsea and builds up a small practice, while writing stories for the magazines; marries; goes to Vienna for a course in eye surgery, and settles in London; rapidly increasing celebrity of his stories; gives up the practice of medicine; prosperous years; to Egypt in 1896; the Boer War and hospital work in South Africa; friendships and acquaintances with notable people; experiences as a sportsman; the Rocky Mountains in 1914; propaganda services during the war with visits to several fronts; finally, complete absorption in Spiritualism and psychical research.

"*Memories and Adventures*" is a very readable, though hardly a memorable book, and so long as the Sherlock Holmes stories are read it will be the book to which anyone who wishes to know about the author must go. The man who seems to be pictured there is not one we should expect to be inexhaustibly fertile of ingenious plot; it was a separate faculty which he carried somewhere about him—or one who would take to spiritualism. Indeed he did not take to it in the sense of any mystic vision, but as a practical religion, for the comfort of commonplace human trouble. The after-life of the spiritualist, like the Zion of the Methodist camp meeting, seems altogether practical and no ineffable vision. Sir Arthur's purview of both worlds is more matter of fact than illuminating. His memoir tends to confirm our conventional impressions of the men and events of our time, rather than to give us any new outlooks or interpretations.

The Dark Field

A STORY TELLER'S STORY. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1924.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

WE followed Anderson gladly and interestedly up to about galley 100—there were some 120 galleys of the full advance proof in hand—and then for the first time our interest lagged, as the author's private meditations upon art grew more and more disconnected, as Manhattan confounded him with its critical paradoxes and "The Education of Henry Adams" wrought strangely upon an intelligence pregnant, as it seemed, only of stillborn general ideas.

"A Story Teller's Story" runs forth from the itching pen of a predestined romancer in a bright and rapid river of memorialized experience, but the river wanders into a marsh at the end and disappears among quaking quicksands of half-hearted speculation. Nevertheless, two-thirds of the book is unusually rich narrative and several true stories in the narrative course are, in my own estimation, among the very best stories Anderson has ever told. The story of Judge Turner, for instance—the some six and a half galleys of the story of Judge Turner, are unforgettable, embodying also Nate Lovett's remarkable mythological conception of the Catholics. Judge Turner, in boyhood, was Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Miniver Cheevy," who loved the Medici, "albeit he had never seen one." His acquisition of the poisonous Amanita Phalloides on the edge of a wood outside a small Ohio town, and his psychological experience in the carrying to school of certain poison packets concealed on his person, is a curious tale of indubitable actuality by very virtue of its fantastic nature. And then, toward the end of the book, there is the story beginning:

One night, years before, when I was a young laborer, and was beating my way westward on a freight train, a

brakeman had succeeded in throwing me off the train in an Indiana town.

In this story it seems to me that Anderson has reached the top of his achievement as a short story writer. Indeed I have clipped it from the galley and pasted it together, from the words "It was a Saturday evening—" to the closing words "Presently the field where I lay was all dark and silent again"; and have filed it away as (to my mind) one of the great short stories of our generation. It is told with extreme lucidity and simplicity in less than fifteen hundred words. It might be not ineptly entitled "The Dark Field." To a New York magazine editor I am quite aware that it would appear "simply not a story at all." It is too absolutely unaffected, too utterly genuine. But it is also great with the greatness of Homer. As to its inception,

And that (says the author) had been the scene playing itself out in my fancy as I sat in the advertising office in Chicago, pretending to listen to the man who spoke of agricultural conditions in Texas and looking at the man with the scar on his cheek, the scar that had been partly hidden from the sight of others by growing the beard. I remember that the plow company, now wanting to sell its plows in greater numbers in the southwest, was located in an Indiana town. How fine it would be if I could speak, to the man of the beard, and ask him if by any chance he was the lover of the field. In fancy I saw all the men in the room suddenly talking with the greatest intimacy. Experiences in life were exchanged, everyone laughed. There had been something in the air of the room. The men who had come to us were from a small city in Indiana while we all lived in the great city. They were somewhat suspicious of us, while we were compelled to try to allay their suspicions. After the conference there would be a dinner, perhaps at some club, and afterward drinks—but there would still be suspicion. I fancied a scene in which no man suspected another. What tales might then be told! How much we might find out, of each other!

There you have the essence of Anderson, in those last exclamations. "How much we might find out, of each other!" There they sat about the table studying how to sell plows, and in their midst sat a true plowman of life, the dark field. "I fancied a scene in which no man suspected another." Anderson is forever fancying that scene. That is a great charm of his, inhabited, at the same time, by a real danger. For Anderson is a great sentimental and his musing on generalities is prone to become maudling. It is when the story-teller is uppermost, not *le penseur*, not the fancier of people as houses with doors and windows, not the wordy wool-gatherer—that his real literary gift asserts itself. No American writer today can more thoroughly saturate himself with actuality, transmitting it into fibrous fiction as he goes. He is fertile soil for stories that grow rangily and raggedly like trees, from small dark seeds.

There is, for instance, another impressive story in this autobiography, the story of Alonzo Berners, the sick man, the man Anderson rescued from a saloon in Chicago. The record of that rescue is indelible; it is told with such intellectual integrity. And Berners was different. He fascinated the young Anderson's intellect, and deracinated certain convictions.

Was there a force in life of which I knew nothing at all and was this force exemplified in the person of the man I had picked up in a Chicago saloon?

He brought Anderson finally into a magnificent mood where the narrator dropped on his knees on a dusty road in soft moonlight falling. He lives as a symbol that has pursued Anderson since, a vague symbol, a wonder at the reason why Berners's laughter in life was freer "and more filled with joy than my own."

Anderson in "A Story Teller's Story" emerges the true son of his romancing father.

Father was made for romance. For him there was no such thing as a fact. It had fallen out that he, never having had the glorious opportunity to fret his little hour upon a greater stage, was intent on fretting his hour, as best he could, in a money-saving, prosperous corn-shipping, cabbage-raising Ohio village.

The father told tales. Nothing is more interesting in the book than Anderson's half conscious, half unconscious full revelation of this his heritage. The father's story of his Civil War experience is retold with the effectiveness of a fiction by Bierce. The father is a memorably fantastic figure. But Anderson can never be quite fair to him. That fantasticality embittered certain early springs.

On the whole, this book is a curiously faithful record. It exhibits ever and again the fullest powers of one of the truly creative writers of our time. It possesses documentary value. And Anderson has

the gift of intimacy. The lack of true intimacy in the relationships of modern life is what puzzles and discourages him. He came to New York to seek intimacy among the artists, and found much bewilderment. He began to speculate chaotically upon the arts in America. But after much speculation he returns to this observation:

In Paris, during a summer when I loitered there, I found myself able to sit all afternoon in a café, watching the people pass up and down a little street. At another café, across a small square, a young student made love to a girl. He kept touching her body with his hands and laughing, and occasionally he kissed her. That happened and carts passed. One side of my mind made little delightful mental notes. The French teamsters did not make geldings of their horses. Magnificent stallions passed drawing dust carts. Why did Americans unman stallions while the French did not? The teamster walked in the road with his hat cocked to the side of his head and a bit of color in the hat. The stallion threw back his head and trumpeted. The teamster made some sort of sarcastic comment to the student with the girl, who answered in kind but did not quit kissing her. There was a small church on the west side of the square and old women were going in and coming out. All these things happened and I was alive to them all and still I sat in a café writing a tale of life in my own Ohio towns. How natural it seemed, in Paris, to lead one's secret inner life quite openly, in the streets, and how unnatural the same sort of thing would have seemed in an American city.

Anderson adds later, "You see my position. Perhaps I have always felt my own lack of solidity, have always been wanting to put down roots somewhere and haven't been able to do it." Thus he states casually the problem of every artist in the world today, the problem of contemporary art of any kind.

But Anderson as an intensely self-conscious artist (he is very much just that in the latter part of this book) is not nearly so important as Anderson the non-theorizing observer and recorder of life, Anderson the plowman of the dark field. In that field we hope he may turn many another furrow, going up and down the land in this present twilight of our philosophies guiding straight the burning share. His business after all is with the soil, with native narrative, with significant observations by the way, not with readings of the heavens or communings with the Time spirit. And he has discerned that fact in this book before us. Simply, he had to get a certain amount of general rumination out of his system. It had been mixing with, and spoiling, his latest stories. So he paused in the furrow to wax loquacious. Now, good speed again to the plow!

In Ruins Magnificent

ANGKOR THE MAGNIFICENT: THE WONDER CITY OF ANCIENT CAMBODIA. By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1924. \$5.00.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN
Editor of *Travel*

A race arose from obscurity; it built the most marvellous edifices of Asia; it was subjugated and it disappeared; its gift to the world was smothered under the jungles; the buildings and the people were forgot. That is the tale in brief . . .

SO the author of "Angkor the Magnificent" sums up the background of her subject, a subject which, in spite of round-the-world cruises, will be a strange one and incredible to most Americans.

Far away, inland behind a shoreline scarcely visible from the sea, lies a world of ruin, of broken temple, palace and city. Here is testimony to the greatness and magnificence of a civilization once able to hold back the jungle from which an alien people are now reclaiming it. Here is the romance of river and jungle which Conrad knew so well, set upon a stage very little removed from the scene of some of his stories—"Falk" and "The Secret Sharer." One reaches Angkor, if he is wise enough to travel as Mrs. Candee did, by coasting steamer from Hong Kong to Saigon, in French Indo-China. His companions will be a deck-load of cabbages and several hundred Chinese. With these at his elbow and upon his toes he will enter the great river Mékong, pass up it to Phnom Pen, the capital of the province of Cambodia, and from Phnom Pen, through the great Tonlé Sap to the place of the great monument itself. Mrs. Candee has a fine descriptive sense, if a slightly jerky style, and she

has made the first part of her journey stand out in great blotches of color and movement. You feel the East in her swift sketch of Saigon. She gives you, sharply, the inexorable quality of occidental domination. It comes to your palate raw. She gives you the enormous river Mékong, stretching itself from the Salween divide in Tibet, by a concentric spiral down into the jungle flatness of Annam and Cambodia. She brings you to the lintel of the wonder at Angkor and flings you headlong at its enormity.

Here, in the center of the Siamese peninsula, in what is now French Indo-China (though it was all Siam until the French decided that they would like to control the ruins) are the monuments of the mysterious Khmers, a race of doubtful origin, possibly part Hindu and part Chinese. They flourished from a day earlier than the beginning of the Christian Era until the beginning of the fourteenth century A. D. when they seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth. They disappeared, but they left standing upon hundreds of acres of their relinquished lands, gigantic stone structures of a richness and delicacy almost beyond human conception. The most vital and effective period of the Khmers' history was bounded approximately by the years 800 and 1250 A. D. During these four and one-half centuries they were triumphant warriors, indomitable conquerors, guarding their rich cities with fierce jealousy and violent strength. Practically every neighboring race attacked them. They were beset upon all sides, for their lands were fertile and desirable and their wealth was fabulous. They were continually victorious. During this powerful age of prosperity the Khmers built the temples and palaces of Angkor and the walls and towers and courts, the columns and battlements of adjacent cities.

We know little about these extraordinary people, for whatever written records they may have left behind them have long since gone the way of all perishable things left to the remorseless chemistry of tropic air. Only in the sculptures, the free figures and the friezes of the stones of Angkor Wat may we read into their vivid, colorful lives. Mrs. Candee has described these carvings in considerable detail and she has provided some very excellent photographs, a feature in which all other popular works on the Cambodian antiquities are sadly lacking. Her comments and her illustrations show us a world of gilded potentates, of caparisoned elephants, of the motions of lithe and exquisite girls, of beautiful and exotic forms—a world where power and glory seem to have existed solely for the enrichment of some strangely subtle sense of life.

The American tourist who, like the celebrated Alexander, has been confined to his tent weeping that there are no more worlds to conquer, may take up Mrs. Candee's book prepared to find himself humiliated. That such a marvel as she describes, so easily accessible, should have remained relatively unknown for so long must prove a shock to his omnivorous *Wanderlust*. "Angkor the Magnificent" will be a good purgative for anyone who is a little weary of the shallow surfaces which even the old glory of Europe sometimes seems to present. To know that during the darkest of dark ages for European civilization, while it was still uncertain whether or not civilized life could endure, monuments and architectural splendors which no European of the day could have conceived, much less built, were being thrown up in the haunts of ape and tiger in a distant, unknown land, may be disconcerting to the pride but it is certainly stimulating to the imagination. Mrs. Candee's service lies in the fact that in spite of faults of arrangement and of a failure to focus the reader's eye upon Angkor as a whole, she has well and wisely presented the great ruin in a manner which can, I think, leave no imagination untouched.

With his "History of Persian Literature in Modern Times," which is shortly to be published (says the *London Times Book Supplement*) Professor Edward G. Browne concludes the task begun more than twenty-two years ago, when the first instalment appeared of his literary history of Persia, "from the earliest times until Firdawsi," carrying the narrative down to the early days of the eleventh century of the Christian era. The fourth and completing volume deals with the last four centuries, a period of Persian literature which has hitherto been very much neglected. The sources of which Professor Browne has made use are almost exclusively Persian.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Works of M. Chaix

M. PROUST has been greatly complimented on his rich treatment of the scruples of human psychology, but there is another French writer, widely read, who is also a master of infinitesimal detail. I refer to M. Chaix, the author (or at any rate compiler) of the *Livrets-Chaix*, a series of volumes not less endless than M. Proust's, and conscientiously revised and reissued every month or so. M. Chaix's books are not only full of useful information and romantic suggestion, but they are also a whole compendium of French ways of thinking. How charmingly he expresses the French passion for minute codification, for getting things logically arranged and stated. M. Chaix is the real encyclopædist of etiquette—of getting things ticketed. And he makes you read between the lines; between vertical lines, indeed; for his books are timetables.

But oh, much more than mere timetables. M. Chaix's *livrets* (one for each railway company) are a synopsis of his nation's genius for getting things down in black and white—and then going ahead as may be most convenient. The French like to have a thing in writing, just to get it out of the way; not necessarily to adhere to it. Every time you buy a ticket at a French railway station you are reminded (by a placard) that according to the law of 1791 the vendor is not compelled to make change if not convenient. This gives you quite a thrill, seems to take you back to the days of Thermidor and Humidor and Cuspidor. But as a matter of fact, you will always get your change.

M. Chaix has the austerity of a great artist. People like John Ruskin and Henry Adams will try to spoil Mont St. Michel and Chartres for you by putting *their* thoughts into your head. But M. Chaix is never intrusive. All the loveliest places in France are mentioned in his works, but he never tells you what you ought to think about them. He confines himself to the real essentials, viz., how and when you can get there. Henry Adams will din you with his charming palaver about soaring gothic; but M. Chaix soberly states that the trains reach Mont St. Michel at 13.15, 18.5 and 19.30. He evidently worked it out with Mme. Poulard, the innkeeper, as those are just the times to order an omelet. Not a sparrow falls to the ground, by which I mean to say not a traveler misses a connection, but M. Chaix knows why it shouldn't have happened. He probably tried to "effectuate his transit" by way of Versailles Chantiers, where (if he had read the footnote on page 37) only first-class passengers without baggage were admitted to that train.

But I must give you (Oh! for more ample space) some notion of M. Chaix's attention to detail. It is he who makes plain the uplifting influence of American passengers upon dining car tariffs. Lunch and dinner in the wagon-restaurant, *vin non compris*, cost 7 francs and 12 francs; but in the boat-trains, 18 francs. On the boat-trains, wine costs 7½ francs a bottle as against 3.25 in the regular expresses. M. Chaix tells you, to the minute, at what time you can eat on every train where eating is possible. Suppose you are going from Paris to Granville, and want to lunch in the second sitting. You can eat from 12.15 to 13.47, not a minute longer. He has foreseen everything: if, for instance, you are a voyager of the 2nd class and spend more than half an hour in the wagon-restaurant between meal-times, he knows that you will owe the difference between the 2nd and 1st class fare "for the trajet unduly effectuated."

Let it not be thought, however, that M. Chaix is hard of heart. Whenever children or dogs are concerned, he strikes a note of tenderness.

In principle (he says) dogs are not admitted in the passenger carriages; but the company will place in special compartments travelers who do not wish to be separated from their dogs. Moreover dogs of modest stature, enclosed in cages, boxes, or baskets, can be kept in the compartments with the assent of their fellow-passengers.

I find many evidences of M. Chaix being a family man, for he is specially kindly towards Nom-breuses Familles. A Family Ticket of Going and Returning, he tells us, may be had when there travels with the parents a son of less than 21 or a

daughter of less than 25, and this ticket may also include "the ascendants of this infant; its celibate brothers and sisters of whatever age; two domestics (a male or female cook, a valet or chambermaid or infant's nurse) and if necessary a wet nurse." Below the age of three, he continues, infants pay nothing, on the condition that they are carried on the knees of their family. And among the baggages that may be taken in your compartment with you, he allows babies' bathtubs.

M. Chaix does his best to instil a spirit of foresight and prudence into his flock. I don't suppose anyone, in the history of travel, ever followed his instructions for getting a carriage on arrival in Paris. This is what he wants you to do:

Address, 48 hours beforehand, either a letter or a telegram to the Special Carriage Bureau indicating the station and hour of arrival, the number of voyagers, the destination, and the type of carriage desired, whether automotive or of animal traction.

If you want to reserve a berth in a sleeper, M. Chaix urges you to go even more cautiously about it.

The demand for renting a berth must be made at least 4 days in advance; the applicant must deposit, at the same time, as an evidence of good faith, in the hands of the Station Master, a sum of 40 francs. If for any cause the reservations are not utilized on the day and train specified, the totality of the advance payment is definitely acquired by the Administration.

But I think that even M. Chaix feels this to be a bit severe, for he follows by listing the stations where pillows and blankets may be rented by those who find themselves compelled to make overnight journeys not contemplated four days in advance.

If anything goes wrong in your travels, you mustn't blame M. Chaix, for he has told you everything, even down to listing the stations where only passengers without baggages and "dogs with companions" are allowed to board the train. Moreover he urges you not to be content with his work, but to inform yourself further at the office in the Hall of the Lost Feet at the St. Lazare station. Sometimes you feel he is a bit of a dreamer, as when he insists that two children under seven should not occupy more than the space of one adult passenger; sometimes even one suspects him of a gruesome humor as when he says that a voyager may "renounce an unaccomplished trajet" by leaving the train before his destination, provided he also renounces, for the benefit of the administration, the full fare paid for the "uneffectuated totality." Yet certainly he discourages this wanton behavior, and urges his congregation to be sure that they are not paying more than the stipulated 0.4612 per kilometer for 1st class, 0.3213 for 2nd, 0.2024 for 3rd.

But I perceive, regrettably, that I haven't given you any notion of the special delightfulness of M. Chaix. His little timetables are like any other great charms of life, you have to come upon them for yourself. The real fun of M. Chaix is when you take him from your pocket, in some little provincial train, and with one eye on the scenery and one eye on his tables, begin to figure out your next change. You look for the station marked *B* that means a *buffet* or the *b* that means a *buvette*; you see that the train will wait 30 minutes because it is market day at Paimpol; and that Savigny is a "facultative arrest." Or you may idle over even more exciting sections: how, by writing to Mr. G. S. Szlumper, director of Maritime Services, berths may be had in turbine packetboats between Cherbourg and Southampton; or of return tickets valid from Fat Thursday until Wednesday of the Cinders. For once you learn, with M. Chaix, how easy it really is to travel, you wonder if some day you may not even graduate into his Supreme Work, *The Indicator*—which includes the Grand European Trains Express. In that noble compilation you can work out your "trajets"—not merely in France, but to Rome and Vienna and Petrograd and Constantinople. But for the moment this must be our Facultative Arrest.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

What will be the only complete edition of the works of Thomas Love Peacock is under way in England. It is being edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith, and will be in ten volumes. The only "Collected Works of Peacock" hitherto issued is the incomplete three-volume edition of 1871, edited by Sir Henry Cole and textually imperfect. Previously unpublished work of Peacock's has since been brought out by the late Richard Garnett, Dr. A. B. Young, and others, all of which will be brought together in the new edition, as well as much that has never before been published.

American Book Illustration

By MATLACK PRICE

"WHAT'S the matter with American book illustration?" The question being duly propounded, a facetious answer suggests itself: "Nothing—because there isn't any."

This, however, does not quite correspond with the facts, because there is a little book illustration, and there could be a great deal more if enough people cared about it at all. It seems that we have two kinds of books, Story Books and Picture Books—not a classification that would satisfy a librarian, but a broad one to start from in the present discussion.

One premise, and a fairly intelligent one, is that no illustrations at all in a book are better than poor ones. But why assume that illustrations need to be poor ones? The assumption begs the question, when we have as many able, and even brilliant illustrators as there are in this country today. It takes two people to make illustrated books—the publisher and the artist. What is the matter then? If we knew, perhaps we could discover what is the matter with book illustration.

I know only two publishers personally, and being specialists, their testimony would not enlighten me, but if I could consult the Delphic oracle, the answer echoing up from the cavern would probably be "production costs," even when there are available such sets of splendid illustrations, already made and paid for in serial publications as the Gruger illustrations for Hergesheimer's "Java Head" or "Balisand."

It is true that these illustrations would have to be reproduced again to fit the book, but this mechanical cost is trivial in comparison with the investment represented by the illustrations themselves. Confined solely to magazine use, their retirement into back numbers of the magazine in which they appear loses them forever as far as the available annals of American illustration are concerned.

If the answer to their omission from the book publication of the story for which they were made is, indeed, "production cost," why not fine paper-covered editions, instead of boards and cloth, and let us bind the books we wish to keep, as they do in Europe, especially in France?

The simple fact is that there is a good deal of excellent illustration done for the magazines, and that it does not find permanent preservation in books. Some publisher, no doubt, will arise to tell us why, and I, for one, should like to learn the answer.

I happen to know the artist's side fairly well, because I know a good many artists who are, or would be illustrators. Aside from certain highly paid magazine illustrators, most of whom are on contracts, the artist is confronted on the one hand by the high cost of studio rents and the high rates paid for advertising work. If a man can get a thousand dollars apiece for advertising drawings he is very unlikely, today, to refuse these and take on a set of four drawings for five hundred dollars for the lot, or some such figure. To this point we shall return later, in conclusion. Here a slight résumé of American illustration will afford a variegated background for the situation as it seems to stand today.

It is not necessary to go further back than Howard Pyle, one of the greatest of all American illustrators. The illustrations he made for *Harper's* were, essentially, book illustrations published in a magazine. They had all the substantial, permanent qualities that make illustrations worthy of preservation in books.

Fortunately, though some years after his death, an excellently representative collection reappeared as "Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates," and thus one definite contribution was made to the annals of American book illustration. The books for which Pyle made illustrations during his lifetime were all books which he wrote himself and delightful, whimsical books which seem, today, as though they must have been written in a leisurely manner, free from stress and pressure, and outside the shadow cast by "production costs." His books were picture story books, thoroughly delightful and perfectly consistent, and they seem to reflect no strife between himself and the publisher as, indeed, how could there have been, when the books were all brought out by his own publishers, Harper & Brothers?

Curiously enough, the greatest of all American illustrators is never thought of today as an illustrator, though his "Deserted Village" pictures, "She Stoops to Conquer" and his Shakespeare illustrations,

all made for *Harper's* are unquestionably the finest illustrations ever made in this country, and equalled only by Vierge, perhaps, in Europe. And Edwin A. Abbey is recorded only as a mural painter.

Reverting to Howard Pyle, the influence of his genius as an illustrator is with us today in the work of N. C. Wyeth, Harvey Dunn and Dean Cornwell. And in Dunn and Cornwell an interesting phenomenon is noticeable. Dunn was a pupil of Howard Pyle, and Cornwell was a pupil of Dunn, yet Cornwell's work is far more like that of Pyle in spirit than anything ever painted by Dunn. At a recent exhibition of the Illustrators' Society a "retrospective" group of Howard Pyle illustrations was hung in the same gallery with a few illustrations by Dean Cornwell. These blazed with color, seemed instinct with an intense vitality—and in their construction there was the old vitality, the old quality of substance that characterized the work of Howard Pyle. The Pyle originals, perhaps a little faded by time, almost a little tired, were fine things, things of permanent value, yet they seemed to have handed on their fire to the younger man.

Contemporary with Howard Pyle were Kemble and Frost, delineators of "character" types, both, and master illustrators, and there were such outstanding illustrators as F. C. Yohn, Walter Appleton Clark and Frederic Remington—the very backbone of American illustration through the decade of the 1890's.

About 1895, and until 1900, or even a little after there was a keen demand for picture books and separate prints ("suitable for framing") of the work of the illustrator-idols of the day—Frederic Remington, for one, and at the same time the whole array of "pretty girl" artists, who were the popular illustrators. There were large (and to me, at that time, desperately expensive) books of pictures by Gibson, Christy, Fisher, Hutt and Wenzell—magnificent presentations, the like of which we have not today—as presentations. These picture books, it is true, have no bearing on the question of book illustration. They were picture books pure and simple, and at this late date it is even difficult to say if their great popularity was a contemporary tribute to American illustrators, or the expression of some popular emotion too obscure now to catalogue.

I can almost hear a publisher muttering that it would cost fifteen or twenty dollars to produce one of these grand big picture books that sold for five dollars in the 1890's—and he would be right.

* * *

One great American illustrator who is old enough to be old but young enough to be very actively illustrating today is A. L. Keller, and after him, as men of the immediate present, Gruger, Raleigh and Morgan—brilliant all of them, but never seen between the covers of books.

Howard Pyle taught a few students, and left behind him some principles of illustration and standards of thoroughness that have played a large part in giving a sense of direction to American illustration even today.

Gruger has had classes, and much as he has to impart, we have seen many student imitators come away and do fairly good or very bad Gruger illustrations until the master's manner became no more visible than the master's voice in the phonograph horn, even if quite as potent. The more individualistic an artist the more unwise it is for him to teach—unless he be as great a teacher as he is a great artist. The student tendency is to imitate and imitation retards any kind of art.

Many art students, however, even copyists in class, later develop individual ability, and I do not honestly think that the answer to the illustrated book question lies in the direction of any lack of native talent in this country.

The reader who has given a thought or two now and then to book illustration may have been wondering if this essay would get on to the Maxfield Parrish and Wyeth picture books, so handsomely done in colors by Scribner's. Yes, indeed, here are beautiful books and splendid illustrations, but they shed no real light on the broad question of American book illustration because they are not really illustrated books. They are a set of jolly good illustrations with text published between the same boards to furnish a *raison d'être*. Not that such a republishing is not an excellent thing, for

I believe it is. It shows, at least, that we have illustrators in America, and can make, engrave and print illustrations in America, and, moreover, good ones.

These picture-story books, however, are in a class by themselves. Rather unfortunately they have got themselves called "gift books," which puts them too much in a glass case and makes it impossible for them to influence the general run of book publishing. When Edward Penfield did the "Holland Sketches" and "Spanish Sketches" he said, with more modesty than the facts warrant, that he felt the text was merely an excuse to publish the illustrations. As a matter of fact these two books by the artist-author are as complete a whole, and as thoroughly charming as any of the books of Howard Pyle—but again, they do not afford any precedent for illustrating books.

In the field so richly filled in England by Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott, and more recently by Cecil Aldin, Hassall and Pears, we have done virtually nothing that could be called art in children's books until Doubleday, Page brought out Falls's "Animal Alphabet" last winter. That one book was and still is a bright spot, magnificently isolated, and without any rivals.

Now anyone can see, with half an eye, upon looking at such a book as Falls's "Alphabet" that artists enjoy making picture books. And anyone who knows a few artists knows that they honestly do not enjoy working within the restrictions imposed by drawings for advertisements. I think that practically every artist I know would meet the publishers half way, or more, and do some remarkable illustrations that would be a credit to the country. But the publishers must make illustrating at least a little attractive to the artists if they want their voices to be heard above the clamor of the advertising men.

Artists are popularly supposed, and especially by business men, to be approximately half loony and entirely unbusiness-like—but they do possess enough of the business instincts of their sterner brethren of the counting-houses to devote their time and talents to the work that pays them best. And we cannot seriously blame them for this.

Book illustration in this country, and illustration in general, suffers from its lack of standing as a serious profession or a serious art, in spite of the existence of the

interesting club called the Society of Illustrators. This club holds annual exhibitions and publishes a Year Book, but the exhibitions are local and the Year Book entirely inadequate as a real record of American illustration. My usual imaginary hypothesis in judging such a point as this is to suppose a scholarly foreigner is asking a librarian for works of reference on (in this case) "Illustration in America" for a thesis he is about to write. We have none. It would be very difficult for anyone to gather anything like a chronological or comprehensive lot of material on illustration in America without a great deal of laborious research work. We have plenty of good illustration in this country, but we have never cared enough about it to preserve its record in the form of a history.

Illustration, in other words, suffers from lack of recognition, if not of passing appreciation. The popular illustrator can measure his fame as of a period seldom exceeding thirty years. Usually it is less, and the illustrators of yester-year are forgotten. A short life and a merry one, for the illustrator personally, but for the life of the illustration as a seriously defined art in this country, the succession of one transient favorite after another fails to build a substantial structure.

To make American illustration substantial, more of it must find its way between book-covers, and publishers, somehow, must come to feel that good illustration is worth while. To bring this about, the book buying public must take a more definite interest in book illustration, and must show, by articulate means, that there is a market for well illustrated books when such are offered by publishers.

Perhaps the spectre of "production cost" does stalk malignly about the corridors of publishing houses, but I have persistently believed that much of its deterrent pessimism could be dispelled by a little vision, courage and enthusiasm on the part of over-cautious publishers. I have persistently believed, and do believe that if any publisher brings out a good book, finely illustrated, people will buy it and that the whole field of book publishing and book selling will experience a real thrill, and sense limitless possibilities in profitably employing the varied talent of American artists in the adequate illustration of books.

A Survey of Fall Books

By AMY LOVEMAN

OUR age which has so often been described as an era of introspection bids fair to become one of retrospection as well. If the books of the last few weeks are an indication of the mind of the time the public is indeed in reminiscent mood, for no fact of the fall publishing season stands out with more distinctness than the prevalence of an interest in the past. History and biography, the latter running the range from weighty studies that trench on the fields of politics and diplomacy to highly spiced gossip of the great and the near-great, take premier place among the non-fiction books of the day. The war itself as a theme for the historian still remains in the background, but the interest which the struggle stimulated in the personalities and events of an earlier time finds its reflection in a list that includes along with such works as B. S. Forester's "Napoleon and His Court" (Dodd, Mead); R. B. Mowat's "The Diplomacy of Napoleon" (Longmans, Green); Walter Gear's "Napoleon and Josephine, the Rise of the Empire" (Brentano's); Elie Faure's "Napoleon" (Knopf); "The Letters of Madame" (Appleton); "David Wilmot," by Charles B. Going (Appleton); Edyth Hinckley's "Mazzini, the Story of a Great Italian" (Putnam); Mouffle d'Angerville's "The Private Life of Louis XV" (Boni & Liveright); and B. Kingsley Martin's "Triumph of Lord Palmerston" (Dial), the comprehensive series edited by Hugh Gunn, entitled "The British Empire" (Holt), and such briefer scholarly publications as Charles Diehl's "A History of the Byzantine Empire" (Princeton University Press); "Conflicts with Oblivion," by Wilbur C. Abbott (Yale University Press); "The Art of War in the Middle Ages," by Sir Charles Oman (Houghton Mifflin); "Studies in the History of Mediaeval Science," by Charles Homer Haskins (Harvard University Press); "The Waning of the Middle Ages," by J. Huizinga (Longmans, Green); "Social Life in Stuart England," by Mary Coate (Appleton); "History of the English People in the 19th Century," by Elie

Halévy (Harcourt, Brace); "The Roman Occupation of Britain," by F. Haeverfield (Oxford University Press); "The American Colonies in the 18th Century," by Herbert Levi Osgood (Columbia University Press); "American States During and After the Revolution," by Allan Nevins (Columbia University Press); "The Colonial Background of the American Revolution," by Charles M. Andrews (Yale University Press); and "The History of the American Frontier," by Frederic L. Paxson (Houghton Mifflin).

No season rolls its course but sees the publication of a Roosevelt biography, but not since the appearance of "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" has so intimate or interesting a contribution to Rooseveltiana been issued as "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles" (Scribners). As in the former book the Colonel is here seen at his most lovable, as the youth and man to whom family and friends were objects of the tenderest solicitude and as a correspondent who opened his heart to those whom he loved. The manner of man he was to those with whom he came into intimate contact is also reflected in "The Letters of Archie Butt," edited by Lawrence F. Abbott (Doubleday, Page), the record of a relationship which ripened from indifference on the part of the narrator to a profound admiration and affection.

From Presidents to hoboes the biographical gamut runs, the Roosevelt volumes and William Allen White's "Woodrow Wilson, the Man, His Time and His Task" (Houghton Mifflin) standing at one end of the scale and at the other "Beggars of Life" (Albert & Charles Boni), a narrative in which the youthful Jim Tully sets down in a vivid vernacular his experiences as a knight of the road. Between lie chronicles of varied interest, "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (Atlantic Monthly Press), a volume that will be of particular interest to Harvard men but which should find its readers as

(Continued on page 203)

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Life of Christ
200th Thousand \$3.50

The Rebirth of Typographical Art

By W. A. DWIGGINS

RUMORS are abroad that the typographic art is coming to life again. If I read the omens right we are at the threshold of one of those periodic revivals of activity in an art that give us points to date from. I hope that it is so. I have always hoped to be present when the thing happened again to printing. I missed the last time—1890 *et seq.*—although I did see the breakers of its wake run along the beach.

The omens promise that books are to become interesting again to book-lovers. I am a member of that starved band—there are some few left alive—and I can tell a tale of thin gruel that would stir the heart even of Squers. Those years of famine—scrawnier than Joseph's kine—how we lived through them, hoping, and then without hope—is a record of suffering and fortitude to be put alongside the most poignant chronicle of castaways in the records. . . .

Now, if the signs point true, and if this glow in the sky is dawn, we must make all speed to carry the good news at once to two classes of people. The first class is Mr. Joseph Pennell. He is the first person that ought to hear it, because he has fought through a lifetime for a better state of things. This gospel of hope will make a great change in his point of view.

The other class of people that should hear about it is the membership of the Women's Clubs. These societies have study groups that are, beyond question, the most effective agencies in the country for promulgating standards of taste. If the word can be got to them they are bound to see in this matter of taste in book-making an affair that lies within their own province, and are quite likely to take it up. If they should do that, and should pursue the subject with the vigor that they have used in informing themselves about rugs and china and furniture then any one can stand up and prophesy printing revivals with entire confidence. And I think that they really may do it. For we have got to about that stage of civilization in this country where it is as useful for a cultivated person to know about books as it is for her to know about furniture. And if the associated Women's Clubs do become interested in the question of good taste in books as a part of the question of good taste in the furnishings of their homes, then the trick is turned. We will have to make tastefully designed books because the market wants them so. The revival of style in printing will march without further aid.

It is going strong by itself, however. It started with the advertising gentry. They got at it ten or twelve years ago. Mr. Püterschein wrote in *The Printing Art* almost that long ago:

Are the most accomplished designers, wood engravers, illustrators, typographical ornamentalists embellishing the text of Mr. Robert W. Chambers? They are not. They are supplementing a selling argument forty pages farther on. Their taste now goes to the making of advertisements. Mr. Chambers is left to the tender illustrating mercies of one less than himself. . . . The astounding fact is that the artist—the fabricator of the quality of distinction—finds a more sympathetic patron in the advertiser than in the editor. I mean to say that the man in the market place, the buyer and seller of Things, has come to have a keener sense of the value of distinction—"style"—than has the buyer and seller of Ideas. To an idealist this fact suggests the need of a critical revaluation of the ideas now on sale. . . .

This advertising pressure to get printing made in a better way came mostly from outside the trade. At the same time there were within the industry a few inspired persons who kept the fire burning on the altars through the long period of apathy. It would seem that now—in these last two or three years—the fire which was so carefully kept has served to kindle a whole new religion!

Here are the omens. One discovers that there are presses scattered over the whole country whose proprietors no longer shy at the name of Gutenberg. There is risen up a new generation of printers—or else the old ones have reformed. These people are taking the design of printing seriously. They do the job so well that their product is embarrassing—embarrassing, that is to say, to the "old line" firms who are forced in spite of themselves to attempt imitations. These upstarts are turning the "mystery" into a commonplace. I hear one printer utter a complaint sufficiently novel—that one studies the intricacies of typographic design for years only to find himself reft of the reward of his assiduity, since the knowledge of good practice is now so widespread that one can profit no longer as a member of The Few!

The typographic specialists have always been well supplied with technical material

about fine printing, but now they are publishing books for the layman about printing. A remarkable thing! Robert Ballou, of Chicago, advertises "American Type Design in the Twentieth Century" and "Type Specimens," by Douglas C. McMurtrie.

D. B. Updike's serious and gay little volume, "In the Day's Work," is just out from the Harvard University Press with three essays about a printer's standards and pre-occupations. His "Printing Types" from the same publisher is written in a vein that does not immure it within technical walls, though its major interest is for the specialist. The university presses, by the way, make a strong showing in the groups of Fifty Books of the Year mentioned below—and without excessive subsidies and on pretty level terms with the general publishing trade.

Then note another thing. The companies that make type-setting machines have reformed. They are actually bending their energies to making the best type designs they can accomplish. The type-founders at large vie one with another in a scramble to furnish the new generation with meritorious type faces. The spirit has infected the paper-makers, too. Some of them are experimenting with papers of a quality to satisfy more enlightened tastes. Can anyone who has followed the career of printing through the last twenty years deny that here are signs and wonders?

This stimulating state of affairs in printing—this high quality of the product of the newer presses—is to be explained as the result of three influences. First note the printing journals—*The Printing Art*, particularly under the editorship of Henry Lewis Johnson; *The Inland Printer*; *The American Printer*. These periodicals have swung the cudgels of reform with fine zeal—and have supplemented their vigorous gestures with reams of educational matter of an excellent sort. Let admirers of fine books give them full measure of credit. The second influence toward good work comes out of the types lately available. The chief emanating points for these good type faces are Frederick W. Goudy, of the Lanston Monotype Machine Company, and the typ-

graphic staff of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company.

The third influence—and probably the strongest—is exerted by the printed work of a very small group of typographers. At the head of this group stand three persons. Two of these three tall men of American printing have achieved such distinction that none of us, by telling how good we think their work is, can add anything to their stature. They are, of course, D. B. Updike of Boston, and Bruce Rogers of New York. I put a third beside them—Carl P. Rollins of the Yale University Press. The work done by these men has stimulated half-a-score more to emulation—and these half-score, perhaps in closer contact with the commercial field, have handed the inspiration out right and left until it has become an actual reconstructing force in the industry.

The printers being in action, and observed to be advancing in all sectors, the next thing to see is what effect it is having on books. An encouraging survey. The American Institute of Graphic Arts makes an annual analysis of the books printed within a year. Its assessment deals only with their physical aspects—how they are printed, how well they look, etc. The society selects from the lot Fifty Books of the Year and this group is put on exhibition in various cities. No better move could be devised to stiffen the standards of book-making. And the books that they show in the Fifty are by no means inconsiderable examples of fine design and execution.

With the publishers it seems to be a case of younger generation again. The older firms are not participating in these throb-ing affairs. Perhaps their dignity demands that they preserve a kind of rigidity and look of inanition. It must be noted, though, that one of the veterans is easing its muscles in experimental arm and leg exercises, with the evident intention of coming alive.

Of the younger publishers Alfred Knopf leads the van. He sets a pace in book-covers that makes the dealers' tables bloom like stalls at a flower show. He pays attention to type-setting and paper, too. He has initiated a revolution in designing books for the American trade. The Knopf style catches on. It is imitated. It is a good style because it is experimenting with themes that belong to this present time.

These younger publishers, east and west, are following their personal bents, no doubt.



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R. F. D. No. 3

By Homer Croy

Author of "West of the Water Tower"

Josie is young, and her life is full of the humor and the tragedy of youth. In his story of this pretty Missouri country girl, vain, movie-mad, and lovable, Homer Croy takes his place among the outstanding novelists of American life. If you read "West of the Water Tower" you will need no further recommendation; if you missed it, make the acquaintance of this significant new writer now in "R. F. D. No. 3."

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Author of "From the Life"

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing 'Julie Cane' one of the outstanding novels of the year," says the *New York Evening Post*. "There is a fine simplicity about this unusual story of a small-town girl and her extraordinary father; a hearty robustness and vigor that are infinitely pleasing. It is a masterly piece of work."

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criminate in this instance and knows a better thing when it sees it. It is to be hoped that it does—and that bright shekels reward the efforts of the pioneers.

They are pioneers. Much land remains to be cleared before the book-lover may settle into his easy chair and unwrap his parcel from the bookshop with untroubled anticipation—knowing that within he will find a product to please his fancy. There are improvements—ah! yes, there are improvements to be made. They mostly run back to questions of cost—but they will be made if people ask for them. Paper is still low-grade. The English have us beaten on that point, with their inexpensive book papers of mellow and printable quality. . . . The type pages have to be set in a hurry, no doubt, and that is why the words get pushed so far apart in the lines—but that can be remedied. . . . The paper jackets are most stimulating. They serve the book-dealers but they do not serve us—long. If, now, they can only be turned into covers and fixed upon the books so that we can

take their gaiety home and keep it. No properly constituted person will read a book with a paper jacket on it. . . . The illustrations are few—and that is a good thing so long as we lack a tonal process that will transfer drawings to the real pages of the book. Meanwhile we must find a reagent to dissolve our infatuation for inserted, half-tone pictures. Run over late French books for hints on these points. They use wood-cuts and pen drawings to make their books sing. . . .

The outlook for good books is good. Thousands of people now alive may see the day come when they can buy books clearly printed on pleasant papers from type sympathetically assembled to fulfil the requirements of the texts, with pictures in them made by such masters as made pictures for books eighty years ago. It may very likely come to pass. And if it does, and if I am there to see it, I shall straightway go out and burn a Worthy paper taper before the niche wherein are laid up the memories of Stone & Kimball and Copeland & Day.

The Fall Books

(Continued from page 202)

well among all those who are interested in a rich personality and experience; "A Story-Teller's Story" (Huebch) in which Sherwood Anderson recounts his experiences and casts light on one of the most interesting personalities in contemporary American letters; a new selection of "Intimate Letters of James Gibbons Huneker" (Boni & Liveright); "Clyde Fitch and His Letters," by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson (Little, Brown); "Thirty Years' Battle in the Ministry," by Stephen S. Wise (Brentano's); the cheerful biography in which under the title "Louder, Please!" (Atlantic Monthly Press) Ernest Elmo Calkins recounts the trials and compensations of a deaf man; "Twelve Years at the German Imperial Court," by Robert Zedlitz-Trutzschler (Doran), a book which created a sensation on its publication in Germany; "Fragments from my Diary," by Maxim Gorky (McBride); Conan Doyle's "Memories and Adventures" (Little, Brown) an autobiographical record particularly interesting as depicting the complete transfer of the author's preoccupation from one field to another; Pascal d'Angelo's "A Son of Italy" (Macmillan); "Letters of Three Friends," by William Hale White (Oxford University Press), and "The Diary of a Country Parson," by Rev. James Woodforde (Oxford University Press).

In America particularly, the urge to reminiscence seems to have been strong upon the editorial world for among the noteworthy books of the season is a group in which men of the periodical and newspaper fields recount their adventures, encounters and achievements in the publishing career. "The Joys and Tribulations of an Editor," by L. Frank Tooker (Century); Richard Hooker's "The Story of an Independent Newspaper" (Macmillan); Milton A. McRae's "Forty Years of Newspaperdom" (Brentano's); E. P. Mitchell's "Memories of an Editor" (Scribner) are to be supplemented by what should prove an illuminating interpretation of a great newspaper career in Don C. Seitz's "Joseph Pulitzer—His Life and Letters" (Simon & Schuster), and find their companion recollections from across the ocean in Clement K. Shorter's Autobiography (Doran) and St. Loe Strachey's "The River of Life" (Putnam).

Critical biography, merging at times into pure criticism, finds representation in Charles H. Dennis's "Eugene Field's Creative Years" (Doubleday, Page); Douglas Goldring's "James Elroy Flecker" (Seltzer); Edmund Gosse's "Life of William Congreve" (Scribner); Oscar W. Firkin's "William Dean Howells" (Harvard University Press); Edgell Rickword's "Rimbaud, the Boy and the Poet" (Knopf), and a new study of Robert Louis Stevenson, by John A. Steuart, which advance announcements of the publishers (Little, Brown) state will contain surprising material. One of the outstanding biographies of the year, and a work that will doubtless be definitive in its field, is shortly to appear in Amy Lowell's two-volume "John Keats" (Houghton Mifflin); Richard Aldington's "A Book of 'Characters'" (Dutton), which is the latest in that admirable series entitled "The Broadway Translations," introduces a piquant touch into the biographical literature of the season with its translations from the French of sketches of "types," while Marcel Schwob's "Imaginary Lives" (Boni & Liveright) is a delightful work in different vein. The death of Anatole France makes particularly pertinent J. Lewis

May's "Anatole France: The Man and His Word" (Dodd, Mead).

In the field of the essay as well as in that of critical biography there is much to interest in the new publications. Maurice Baring's "Punch and Judy and Other Essays" (Doubleday, Page); Ernest Boyd's "Portraits: Real and Imaginary"; Gamaliel Bradford's "Bare Souls" (Harpers); James Branch Cabell's "Straws and Prayerbooks" (McBride); Henry S. Canby's "Definitions: Second Series" (Harcourt, Brace); Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comments: Third Series" (Houghton Mifflin); William Lyon Phelps's "As I Like It: Second Series" (Scribner); "An American Miscellany," by Lafcadio Hearn (Dodd, Mead); Basil de Selincourt's "Walt Whitman: A Critical Study" (Small, Maynard); Stuart P. Sherman's "My Dear Cornelia" (Atlantic Monthly Press); "Fyodor Dostoevsky," by J. Middleton Murry (Small, Maynard), and Richard Aldington's "Literary Studies and Reviews" (Dial), are all worthy of note.

Fiction still flourishes as the green bay tree, and is this fall a sturdy growth, shorn of startling eccentricities, and containing with the usual run of love and mystery stories, tales of adventure and high life, a lusty group of books dealing with the American scene, and a representative collection of romances by British authors. American agricultural life, a theme strangely neglected in fiction, serves as background for Homer Croy's "R. F. D. No. 3" (Harpers), while American small town life finds depiction in George F. Hummel's "Subsoil" (Boni & Liveright), a novel which enhances the impression of its author's powers created by his first book last year; Emanie Sach's "Talk," a vigorous portrayal of the tyranny of tradition and opinion in a small town of the South; Glenway Westcott's "The Apple of the Eye" (Dial), and Charles Merz's "Centerville, U. S. A." (Century).

An interesting development in recent American fiction is the emergence of the novel dealing with the Negro, written both by the white man and the Negro, and approaching its subject from the angle of the tragedy involved in the social relations of the white and black races. Into this category fall two of the most highly charged books of recent weeks, Walter F. White's "The Fire in the Flint" (Knopf), and "Green Thursday," by Julia E. Peterkin (Knopf). Psychological subtleties and intricate human relationships still prove a fruitful theme for American novelists, such books as Harvey O'Higgins's "Julie Cane" (Harpers); "The Needle's Eye," by Arthur Train (Scribner); Marian Spitzer's "Who Would Be Free" (Boni & Liveright); "The Innocents," by Henry Kitchell Webster (Bobbs-Merrill); Kenneth Burke's "White Oxen" (A. & C. Boni); Waldo Frank's "Chalk Face" (Boni & Liveright), and "The Crooked Mile," by Bernard De Voto (Minton, Balch) being of this type. The war novel has had a vigorous manifestation in Lawrence Stallings's "Plumes" (Harcourt, Brace), while the historical romance finds representation in Joseph Hergesheimer's excellent tale of Virginia, "Balisand" (Knopf), in William Davis's "The Beauty of the Purple" (Macmillan), and in the forthcoming "Slave Ship," by Mary Johnston (Little, Brown).

Interesting novels of which the interest is less topical are Mary S. Watts's "The Fabric of the Loom" (Macmillan); "The Glory Hole," by Stewart Edward White (Continued on page 216)

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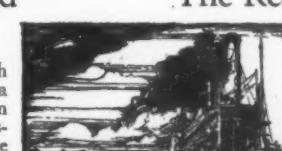
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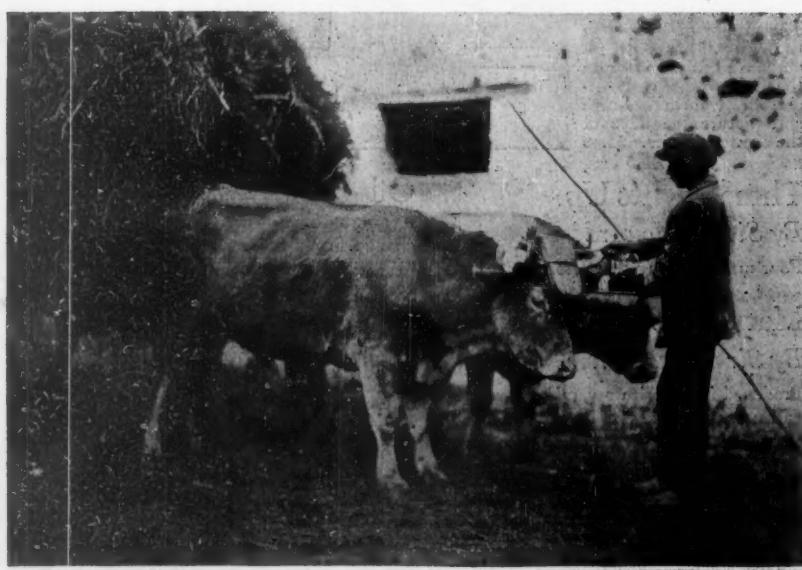
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



The officer with the beard, standing in the back row, is Joseph Conrad, Chief Officer of the clipper ship *Torrens*.



Tower Gardens, London, where Joseph Conrad last saw the crew of the *Narcissus*.

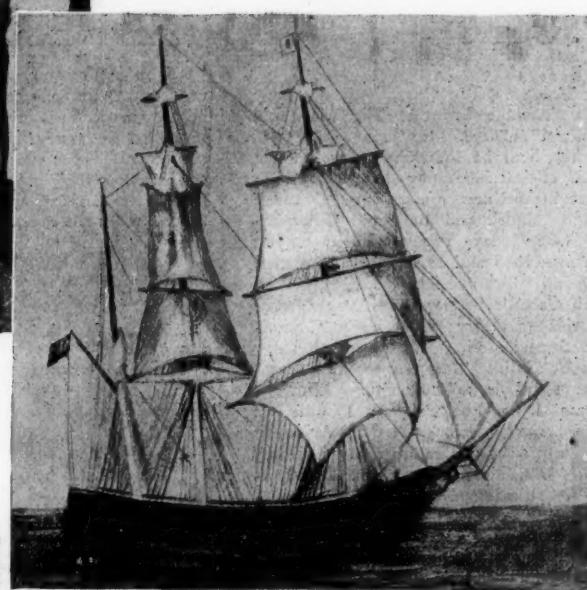


Brittany, where Conrad spent his honeymoon in a peasant's cottage, is the background for "The Idiots," a story in "Tales of Unrest."

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Joseph Conrad first heard English spoken when, as a Polish boy, wanting to be an English mariner, he went aboard a British merchantman in the harbor of Marseilles. He sailed the Seven Seas as a sailor and a master and was invalided home to England after twenty years of service, unfit longer to follow the sea. He sent the manuscript of a book called "Almayer's Folly" to a publisher, and three months later was notified of its acceptance. For twenty years he wrote steadily without wide recognition, and it is only within the last decade that he was pronounced the master of modern authors. His death last summer was a personal loss to a multitude of admirers.

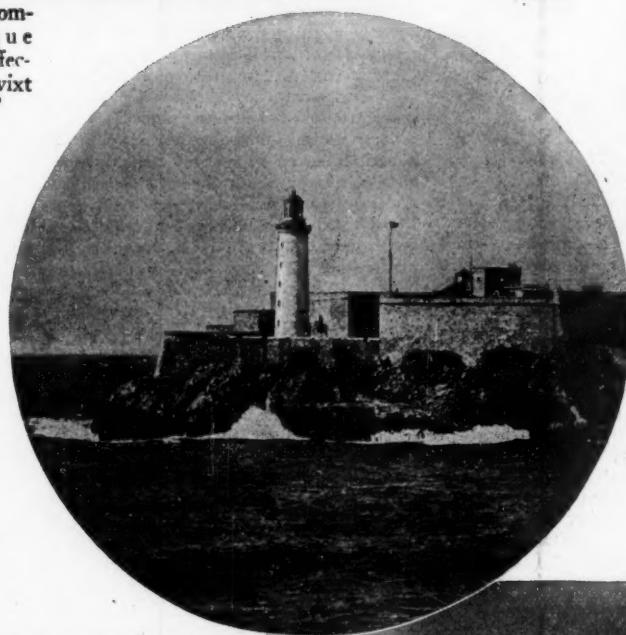
"Oswalds," near Bishopton, Kent,—Joseph Conrad's last home, in which he wrote "The Rescue," "The Rover," and the novel which he did not live to complete, "Suspense."



Conrad's first command, the barque *Otago*, described affectionately in "Twixt Land and Sea."



Morro Castle, a landmark of Havana and of "Romance," written in collaboration with Ford Maddox Ford.



Sunset at Tierra del Fuego, one of the scenes described in the voyage around the world.

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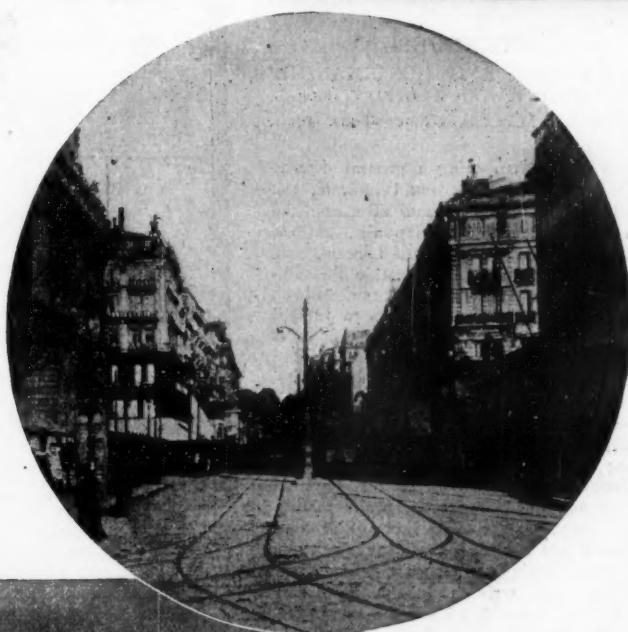


A Survey of the Life of JOSEPH CONRAD

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days of his youth, en-
gaged in an adventure
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"The Arrow of Gold."

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Quadrangle, Uni-
versity of Cracow.
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of the long-de-
ferred visit to
Poland is found
in "Notes on Life
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The vivid shallow waters of the Philippines are the setting of "Kerain, a Tale of Mindanao."



Courtesy of Ameri-
can Museum of Nat-
ural History, N. Y.



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ings near Bangkok,
Siam, were thoroughly
familiar to Capt. Falk,
in the story bearing his
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The Modern Curse

CANCER—HOW IT IS CAUSED; HOW IT CAN BE PREVENTED. By J. ELLIS BARKER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by H. O. MOSENTHAL, M. D.

A VOLUME handing its introductory card to the reader as "Cancer: How it is caused; How it can be prevented" is a welcome visitor and worth the hospitality of a week end at least. All people that promise much are worth investigating even though what they finally measure up to is far from the standard set by their reputation; there always is the possibility—faint though it is—that the unbelievable may be true, and that some one has discovered the hitherto undiscoverable, and found the cause of and the measure necessary to prevent cancer.

Many of our ancestors have died, and many of us, and many of those of succeeding generations are going to die of cancer. It is one of the most common causes of death. A man who ventures to demonstrate why cancer occurs and how it can be prevented, therefore takes a great responsibility upon himself and he is answerable to his fellow men if he has not good and sufficient reasons for his claims. It is stretching the patience of humanity almost to the breaking point to have false statements made in regard to a subject as vital as this; however J. Ellis Barker may have solved one of the greatest problems of all time and we may be proceeding too fast with our suppositions.

This volume expounds the cause and prevention of cancer; it should have been written for the physician and not for the layman; any victim of cancer or of "threatened" cancer if he has any judgment and courage, is going to trust only a responsible physician to treat him during such a crisis. "A little learning is a dangerous thing" and to have a landsman pilot the *Mauretania* into New York harbor, even though he may have read a book on the subject, is dangerous for the ship. If this book is to be regarded seriously it should have been written for the medical profession and not for the layman; in producing the volume in such form that the public in general are invited to feast upon it, the author as well as the publisher have committed a grievous error; it detracts from the practical application of this prevention of cancer.

The training and experience which J. Ellis Barker has had to establish himself as an authority on cancer is a very broad one in the fields of finance and political economy. He has taken up these subjects in their relation to Germany, England, America and the Great War. The particular contact with cancer has come, as may be gathered from the book, in cancer as a cause of death in several of the author's relatives, and in the idea that he was saved from the ravages of this disease because by properly applied hygienic measures he was rescued from the clutches of dyspeptic obesity. Apparently he has been impressed to such an extent by his good luck that he has been tempted to prove his point for the benefit of mankind. A great deal of literature has been scanned by the author and brought into play as thundering broadsides that reduce the cause and prevention of cancer to an irreducible minimum that can be captured, chained and led home or rather away from home. One must not lose sight of the fact that there are thousands of persons, with unrighteous ways of applying their food ingredients, who suffer distortions of their digestive functions and physical outlines, continuously, often pleasantly, and follow this course until death overtakes them at three score and ten or thereabouts, and they are still in a "non cancerous" condition! It is a fallacy, the unscientifically educated mind constantly adopts, that one

case constitutes more than one star in the Milky Way; sometimes—very often—on dark nights you can see the Milky Way even though there be myriads of stars. No one will ever know whether J. Ellis Barker was really saved from cancer or not and yet this is the pivotal point of his conviction.

On page 105 the author's view about the subject is given. It may interest those who care to know his conclusions and profit thereby:

In my opinion, cancer is due to chronic poisoning and to vitamine starvation. I have some hesitation in saying whether it is due to chronic poisoning aggravated by vitamine starvation or to vitamine starvation aggravated by chronic poisoning. Whether the one factor or the other is the more important seems a little doubtful to me. However, it seems to me that chronic poisoning is perhaps the more striking factor of the two, because it affects men and women directly, while vitamine starvation acts indirectly.

Again on page 142 and 143 we have:

If, as I think I may contend, cancer is due, in practically all cases, to chronic poisoning which has taken place during one or two decades or longer, what poison or poisons, then, are responsible for the great mass of ordinary cancers?

If we enquire to what poison or poisons the generality of cancer patients have been exposed during 20 or 30 years preceding the outbreak of the disease, the most obvious reply must be auto-intoxication from the bowel.

Thus the reader can gather the gist of the situation and attempt a very beneficial mode of life which should help him in many ways but in our humble opinion not keep him clear of the dangers of cancer.

J. Ellis Barker says "Surgeons and physicians are conservative folk." This is correct; it is not to be wondered at when problems dealing with life and death are put out after a consideration of the literature by an inexperienced hand. Fortunately in the present instance following the author's advice will do no harm but tend to preserve health; however, in spite of the title and the enthusiastic statements in this book the cancer problem, much as we should care to believe otherwise, still awaits its master.

Horsemanship

HORSE-SENSE AND HORSEMANSHIP OF TODAY. By GEOFFREY BROOKE.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924.
\$5.00.

RATHER than being a general description, as its title would indicate, this book deals with the methods of riding and training hunters and polo ponies. As the author, Lieutenant Colonel of Lancers, says, a great deal that is contained in this volume's chapters appeared in a previous book of his, "Training Young Horses to Jump," published in 1913. But the first book is long out of print, and pre-war conditions in respect to horses as well as to polo and to training are so different that the new volume was designed. It is profusely illustrated, and takes up all matters within the scope indicated, most thoroughly.

Introductions by General the Earl of Cavan and Lord Wodehouse praise the author's work highly. The shortage of hunters and polo ponies, due in large measure to the War's turning attention away from their breeding and training has made such a book, it is asserted, all the more valuable, for by working along the lines suggested by the author, riders can eliminate much waste of horse-flesh, money, and time. Production of expert riders, players, and trainers is the ideal that Colonel Brooke has set for his effort. Chapters deal with the rider's correct seat and use of his hands, jumping, clearing fences, hunting, show jumping, and the description of a successful fox hunt. The second half of the book considers conformation of polo ponies, problems of purchase, early training, mounted training, exercises at the walk, trotting, training at the canter and the gallop, and so forth.

Some Do Not...

by FORD MADDOX FORD

A society novel by Joseph Conrad's famous collaborator, that is a stunning—yes, stunning—combination of romance, glamour, sentiment, on the one hand, and vitriolic realism and satire on the other. *Manchester Guardian*—"No need to worry about the state of the English novel while books like this are being produced." \$2.00

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Interest in Gobineau and his works warrants the publication of THE GOLDEN FLOWER in the distinguished scholarly translation by Ben Ray Redman. In this volume, the philosopher and historian supplements his famous "Renaissance" with further essays on the principal characters and events of Italy's Golden Age. \$2.50

THE SEA GYPSY is the thrilling account of the actual experiences that befell the little yacht, Wisdom, on her attempted cruise around the world. She encountered practically every sea hazard, from shipwreck to fire. Edward Salisbury and Merian C. Cooper tell the story. Fine photographs of incidents on the trip illustrate the volume. \$2.50

Sisley Huddleston, the distinguished European journalist writes at first hand of the important personalities which have come to the fore since the war. In THOSE EUROPEANS his facile pen dissects and analyzes such important figures as Ramsay MacDonald, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Millerand, Sir John Bradbury, Lyautey, Primo de Rivera, Caillaux, Anatole France, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Poincaré, The Pope and others. \$2.50

ARABS IN TENT AND TOWN is an excellent title for the new book by A. Goodrich-Freer (Mrs. H. H. Spoer) for it is exactly descriptive of the contents. Therein the reader finds an interesting and arresting picture of the Near East by a woman of unusual acumen and wide experience. She presents the Arab, his customs, and manners with a complete background of the economic condition of the country. A book that will help the reader to a clear understanding of Near East affairs. \$6.50

When three critical organs, as discriminating as the New York Times, the New York Post and the Boston Transcript praise a novel in remarkably similar phrases, little doubt can remain of the book's genuine worth. Miss V. M. Friedlander's novel, THE COLOUR OF YOUTH is acclaimed in this emphatic manner:

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

- AS I LIKE IT. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. Scribner. \$2.00.
- THE ARTISAN IN ELIZABETH LITERATURE. By Charles W. Camp. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.
- AUTHORS OF THE DAY. By GRANT OVERTON. Doran. \$2.50 net.
- BRIGHTER INTERVALS. By GORDON PHILLIPS. Holt.
- DISTRESSING DIALOGUES. By NANCY BOYD. Harpers. \$2.
- TWISTED TALES. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. Holt. \$1.60.
- AN AMERICAN MISCELLANY. By LAFADIO HEARN. Dodd, Mead. \$2.
- THE WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. Doubleday, Page. \$4 net.
- STICKS AND STONES. By LEWIS MUMFORD. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.
- CONVERSATIONS IN EBBURY STREET. By GEORGE MOORE. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.
- SIXTY YEARS OF AMERICAN HUMOR. Edited by JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.

Biography

- LA BELLE PAMELA. By LUCY ELLIS and JOSEPH TURQUAN. Brentano. \$6.
- TWELVE YEARS AT THE IMPERIAL GERMAN COURT. By COUNT ROBERT ZEDLITZ-TRUTZSCHLER. Doran. \$5 net.
- THE JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR. By L. FRANK TOOKER. Century. \$4.
- OUR AMERICAN KINGS. By FREDERICK L. COLLINS. Century. \$2.50.
- THE ANCESTRY OF MARY BAKER EDDY. Compiled and edited by WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS. Pompton Lakes, N. J.: Biblio Co. \$3.
- LADY SUFFOLK AND HER CIRCLE. By LEWIS MELVILLE. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
- CHRONICLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By MAUD WYNHAM. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. \$10.
- THE TRUTH AT LAST. By CHARLES HAWTREY. Little, Brown. \$5 net.
- MASTER RICHARD QUINN. By EDGAR L. FRIPP. Oxford University Press. \$3.35.
- UNMAILED LETTERS. By JOSEPH H. ODELL. Dutton. \$2.50.
- LA BELLE STUART. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. Dutton. \$5.
- MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR. By EDWARD C. MITCHELL. Scribner. \$4.50.
- CONFLICTS WITH OBLIVION. By WILBUR C. ABBOTT. Yale University Press. \$4.
- EUGENE FIELD'S CREATIVE YEARS. By CHARLES H. DENNIS. Doubleday, Page. \$4 net.
- LETTERS FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT TO ANNA ROOSEVELT COWLES. Scribner. \$2.50.
- BARE SOULS. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Harper. \$3.50.
- MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. With an Introduction by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE. Harpers. 2 Vols.

Drama

LONDON LIFE. By ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLOCK. Doran. \$1.50 Net.

Education

- TRAINING FOR THE PROFESSIONS AND ALLIED OCCUPATIONS. By the BUREAU OF VOCATIONAL INFORMATION. New York: Bureau of Vocational Information.
- THE DAILY WORKER'S COUNSELLOR. By J. J. DOREY.
- AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By H. STANLEY SCHWARZ. Knopf.
- WHOLESMORE CHILDHOOD. By ERNEST R. GROVES and GLADYS HOAGLAND GROVE. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75.

Fiction

THE MERRIE TALES OF JACQUES TOURNEBROCHE. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Dodd, Mead. 1924.

There was a time when Anatole France believed that not to write of pious things piously was to show a lack of the sense for harmony. This, however, was before he wrote "The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche." The stories are seemingly *naïf* but essentially ironical. All of them are more or less *gaulois*. Where, as in many cases, they follow old French manner and tradition, they are not unlike in substance Balzac's "Droll Stories." They are, however, at once more erudite and more artistic. In Balzac's time, they would not have been recommended *virginibus puerisque*. Before the day of D. H. Lawrence, James Branch Cabell, and James Joyce, they would have been regarded as *risqué*, and "French." Today, in comparison with the studies of such roof-tree-shaking psychologists, the "Tales of Jacques Tournebroche" will be regarded by the judicious as mere finely wrought examples of the short story dealing with subjects which, to the Anglo-Saxon, have now become banal.

SAILORS' WIVES. By WARNER FABIAN. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

This is another consignment of very brightly flaming youth. The two conflagrations are almost identical—in color, in heat, in rapidity of combustion, and even in smell. Most of the figures in the second fire, moreover, are carried over bodily from the first.

These so-called sailors' wives indulge in a vast amount of both loving and giving in love; and kisses—pitiful last straw antidotes to boredom—fall like snowflakes indiscriminately over the land. Husbands and wives are cheerfully handed about until the reader solemnly vows the book should have been christened "Who's Whose in Dorrisdale!"

In actual narrative content this novel is sister to those cheap fly-by-night volumes that shop girls read in lofts during their lunch hours. In manner, however, and in superficial charm of racy and rather entertaining conversation, "Sailors' Wives" is unquestionably superior. So much so, indeed, that one feels safe in prophesying that it will make a secure place for itself among the best fiction sellers of the fall.

WHO WOULD BE FREE. By MARIAN SPITZER. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

The author of this novel has evidently attempted a serious and definite thing and, in writing, has been quite conscious of both her materials and her general intent. The central figure in the story is the daughter of a wealthy and unswervingly orthodox Jewish family. Her parents love her deeply, but like that of so many parents their fondness is abundantly shot through with an unthinking possessiveness. The desire for freedom becomes somewhat of an obsession with her and she finally wins complete independence. Having done so, however, she finds that her strong mental habit clings tightly to her and at the end of the volume it prevents her from marrying.

Miss Spitzer thinks clearly. Her social ideas are balanced, ordered and poised, and in her book she has refused to let herself be stampeded into over-sophistication. Yet one single fault almost destroys the quality of her entire work: her characters speak in so artificial and strained a phraseology that many of her pages are positively annoying.

(Continued on next page)



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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

ing. One regrets that she has not learned how to express herself more gracefully, as both her theme and her settings are in themselves decidedly worth while.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF OLIVER PRINCE

By ROBERT ERSTONE FORBES. Holt. 1924.

It is a long time since the first picaresque story found its way into English and to the English reading public. But since 1554, the year that saw "Lazarillo de Tormes" the first story of that type written, probably not a year has passed but that some new rogue story has seen the light of day. "The Transactions of Oliver Prince," one of the most recent of the class, is bright and intensive. Oliver is a sort of snappy fellow, and snappy is the history of his London transactions as related by Mr. Forbes. Even if the tale now and then seems improbable, we take it as fiction and are willing to be pleasantly deceived.

KEEPING THE PEACE

By GOUVERNOR MORRIS. Scribner's. 1924. \$2.00.

In these degenerate days, when most novels deal with the life of some stale, flat-breasted and unprofitable female, from her first bib-and-tucker to her first parturition, it is a relief to find a book which roundly denounces woman for the menace she is, as the cause of all male unhappiness. But as one continues, "Keeping the Peace" seems more a diatribe than a novel, and so perfectly is the plot calculated to prove that woman is the chief obstacle to man's self-development that it fails to convince. However, misogyny is a luxury which few writers can afford and Mr. Morris has added materially to the store of epigrams with which philosophers have, from time out of mind, revenged themselves upon the unfair sex. The book is dedicated to the unanswered proposition that "the worst wars aren't fought by armies in the field, but within the four walls of the human habitations we call homes. They are nearly always wars of self-aggrandizement and oppression." Of the epigrams one selects, almost at random: "There is nothing that the average woman won't stoop to in order to get her way. She usually gets it, and usually it is of no especial benefit to herself or anybody concerned." In spite of its over-emphasis "Keeping the Peace" is well-written, has a good plot, and shows masterly facility in characterization. Morally, the book is stupidly preoccupied with pursuing a futile argument: for, even granted that what the author says of women be true, as Mark Twain observed of the weather: "nobody ever does anything about it."

SARA OF UPPER DAM

By MARY CRANE. Doran. 1924. \$2.00.

This is another demonstration of the rather familiar proposition that, given sufficient determination and intelligence, any woman who is not positively repulsively ugly can marry any man she happens to want. It is cleverly carried out to the Q. E. D. of a "happy ending." Sara is

a woman "past thirty," not a beauty, but highly intelligent and—which is more important—possessed of force of character. She goes out as secretary to a mining concern in Upper Dam, which is "1,211 miles west of Minneapolis," and she proceeds to regulate and direct not only the business affairs of the company but the home life of her employer and, in general, the society of the town. She does it deftly, and the record of her management is an entertaining chronicle. The men of the story are somewhat conventional figures, but Sara is genuinely alive. She also manages to be really an attractive personality—there is nothing catty or disagreeable in her management of her own life and the lives of the others whom she dominates.

THE LAKE

By MARGARET ASHMUN. Macmillan. 1924.

Midwestern farming communities have been responsible for so much of the novel crop of recent years that one opens another one with this *mise en scène* without much expectation of novelty. Strangely enough, "The Lake" achieves a very real and honest originality without attaining corresponding artistic distinction.

In no sense can Miss Ashmun's novel be called derivative; only a childhood spent on a Wisconsin farm could provide such an effortless and authentic atmosphere. Even the book's simplicity is its own; not the lyric simplicity of Louis Hémon's "Marie Chapdelaine," for instance, but a homely, serviceable unaffectedness, like a square, white-painted Wisconsin farm house.

As one reconsiders the plot one is amazed to realize that it contains some of the elements of melodrama—an illegitimate child ignorant of his father's identity, murder in the winter woods, and a grown boy's sudden discovery of a closely-guarded, ancient wrong. Yet the story unrolls so soberly and plausibly that its dramatic moments pass prosaically, half unrealized, as in life itself.

With a more finished style and an intenser feeling for the poignant, delicate beauty of the Wisconsin Lake country, this might have been one of the preeminent novels of the year. Throughout, the dialogue and character drawing are very sound. At the lowest estimate it is a real story, honestly and convincingly told.

ONE WAY STREET

By BEALE DAVIS. Brentano's. 1924. \$2.

The craving for stories dealing with supposed high life is as old as fiction itself. "One Way Street," in spite of the mass of ultra-modern machinery that helps to motivate a rather halting plot, proves that the time-tested formulas of Ouida are still essential to this type of romance. Mr. Davis' characters, diplomats and *blâsé* ladies, flit irresponsibly from Mayfair to Monte Carlo and Paris. They are cynical, debonairly wicked and devilish clever. But for this last we must accept the author's unsupported word; their conversations certainly do not sustain it.

There is a tradition that many highly intelligent people need such books to alleviate the tedium of train or steamer journeys. If this is true, it does not speak well for travel as a mental stimulant.

Speaking of Books

and especially those published by the University of Chicago Press

"Burn the Manuscript!"

was the advice Ugo Foscolo gave his friend Pellico, so terrifyingly vivid did he find the spirits of Dante evoked from hell to live again in *Francesca da Rimini*. But Pellico resisted the suggestion and his became one of the best known versions of the *Francesca* story. Kenneth McKenzie has edited this version, and has included in the same text extensive selections from *Le mie prigioni*, Pellico's famous account of his incarceration in the prisons of Milan, Spielberg, and Venice. *Pellico's Le mie prigioni* and *Francesca da Rimini*. Edited with notes and vocabulary by Kenneth McKenzie. \$1.40, postpaid \$1.50.

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TOUCHDOWNS. By LAWRENCE PERRY. Scribner. 1924. \$1.75.

It cannot be said the Mr. Perry writes fine literature. It cannot be said that he has style or subtlety or that he is entirely free from the influence of Rover Boys and Motor Boys and Gun Club Boys in this volume of stories intended largely for grownups. But it can and must be said that he knows football as few men do, that he has a passion for it and can transmit much of that passion in crisp, direct narration that bring Ralph Barbour up to date. Most of the incidents seem, and probably are, founded in fact out of Mr. Perry's long association with the college game, particularly at his alma mater, Princeton.

"Touchdowns" should warm many a graduate heart-cockle. Third-formers will exult.

THE GAY CONSPIRATORS. By PHILIP CURTISS. Harper. 1924. \$2.

The action of this novel begins when Royal Besant, a police reporter retired to his home on the Massachusetts coast, is sought out by a prominent lawyer and asked to undertake the rôle of private detective. It appears that a young violinist of doubtful intentions has fallen in love with the heiress to ten or fifteen millions; the family of the heiress, as a result, become wildly alarmed and desire to have the musician watched; and the upshot is that Besant is somewhat reluctantly commissioned for the task. Immediately upon undertaking the work, of course, he becomes involved in an unexpected medley of love, mystery and adventure; and so numerous are the complications and so exciting the outcome that the author has no difficulty in filling the requisite three hundred pages. While the story does not differ in type from the conventional mystery-detective romance, it is told with somewhat more skill and in a somewhat more competent style than the average, and so fulfills its function of providing the reader with light and innocuous entertainment.

SMOTHERED FIRES. By HARRIET T. COMSTOCK. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2.00.

Good, old-fashioned, romantic melodrama no doubt will always find a welcoming audience. Mrs. Comstock is an expert practitioner, and she has the gift of narrative, the ability to make the reader interested in what is going to happen next. There are sufficient complications of plot in this to furnish a less generous writer with matter for several books. It opens with the nice situation of a judge sentencing a woman convicted of manslaughter and then learning that she is in reality his long vanished wife, so changed in appearance that he has not recognized her. Of course there was a child, who is the chief figure in the consequent entanglement. It involves a maze of cross purposes, noble sacrifices and so on, with several love stories—an abundance of pathos and sentiment expertly worked out to the necessary happy end.

THE BEAUTY OF THE PURPLE: A Romance of Imperial Constantinople Twelve Centuries Ago. By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS. Macmillan. 1924. \$2.00.

Though barred by the exigencies of fact from the pleasantries of pure fiction, no more agreeable or effective mode than the historical work has been devised for presenting great personages and significant events. Shakespeare's Caesar, Marlowe's Tamburlane, Milton's Samson Agonistes, are respectable protagonists of this type, and have become more real than the subjects themselves, where the effect of their achievements is long-since dispersed in an ever-broadening and inchoate progression, and lives only in the realm of legend, and most freely in dramatized history.

Mr. Davis, professor of the University of Minnesota, specialist in Near Eastern and Byzantine history, casts his third historical novel in a little advertised epoch, and makes his hero the little-known Emperor, Leo the Isaurian, contemporary of Charles Martel, and with Charles the preserver of European civilization from the Saracen invasion. The great Saracen investment of Constantinople in 717-18 A.D., the invention of Greek fire by the philosopher Kallinikos, and the character of Leo, who was one of the greatest military leaders and rulers that the Roman Empire, Eastern or Western, ever produced, are, with the harmless admixture of a love story, made the basis of a thoroughly entertaining novel that reminds one forcibly of

Kingsley's "Hypatia." Abounding as it does in battles, intrigues, and dramatic suspense, it yet shows more profound scholarship and holds more human interest than does the great Victorian's theological romance. Professor Davis's Constantinople is more significant than Kingsley's anchorite-ridden Delta, and Davis's grasp on the elements of the imperial strategy and the character of the Byzantine Empire makes him a more fascinating if not so brilliant a chronicler of the stormy ages which preceded those surnamed the Dark. One can conceive of no more effective way to interest a small boy in the history of the Christian East than by giving him "The Beauty of the Purple," unless one were to forbid him, on pain of condign punishment, to open the covers of Gibbon's sonorous splendor, and there explore, as forbidden territory, the vast *terra incognita* of the classic account of the great Roman Empire of the East.

NAJU OF THE NILE. By H. E. BARNES. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

BLUE TIGER. By HARRY R. CALDWELL. Abingdon.

MORTER MASON. By BESS STREETER ALDRICH. Appleton. \$1.75.

BY A WAY THEY KNEW NOT. By MARY BENNETT HARRISON. Revell.

Fiction

THE GOLDEN VILLAGE. By JOSEPH ANTHONY. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.

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WHO WILL REMEMBER. By MARGARET IRWIN. Seltzer. \$2.

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WAVES OF DESTINY. By MARGARET PEDLER. Doran. \$2 net.

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EGYPTIAN LOVE. By STEPHEN HAWKES. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

THE OLD MEN OF THE SEA. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Stokes.

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(Continued on next page)

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WE count it a privilege to introduce to readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE the following nine books which have been especially selected from a Fall list of fifty-eight books of which we are rather proud.

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GRANDPA AND THE TIGER

By CONSTANCE HEWARD. Illustrated by LILIAN A. GOVEY. Jacobs.

Miscellaneous**THE COMMON SENSE OF TENNIS**

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN II. Simon & Schuster. 1924. \$1.50.

Any expert tennis player might write a book about the game but not everyone would think to include a chapter on "The Fine Points of Watching Tennis." National Champion Tilden remembered, however, and his brief characterizations of tennis celebrities of the moment, together with a player's estimate of the really crucial strokes of the game, are uncommonly sensible inclusions in a book that contains just what its title advertises. This is not a tennis text-book. Some chapter headings are: "Why Tennis?" "Do's and Don'ts for the Dub," "The Fine Points of Playing Tennis," "International Tennis," "Women in Tennis." It is, to quote Mr. Samuel Hardy's preface, like "chatting with Big Bill as he waits on the sidelines before a big match." Tilden avoids, as much as would seem possible for any expert performer, taking his notable self too often as the criterion for method, mood and motive. In the light of recent furors over "professional" and "amateur" standing, and the "player-writer" rule, Tilden's statement of the case appears sane. From whom had we best learn games and learn to love games if not from persons who at once know and love them, i. e. proficient "amateurs"?

OLD ENGLISH FURNITUREVol. I. *The Oak Period.* (1500-1630). By J. T. GARSIDE. Scribners. 1924. \$3.75.

As shown by the more recent architectural publications the importance and value of illustrations over textual explanation for both layman and practitioner are now fully appreciated and the idea has been carried

over into the general literature of the decorative arts. It first appeared in the more expensive and elaborate works but has now been adapted to less costly formats of which the first instalment of Mr. Garside's work is an excellent example. Abbreviated but pointed text is all that is necessary when the number and clarity of the illustrations speak much louder than any words.

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The precision of some of the dates given, which at first might awaken suspicion, indicates no doubt the use of definitely documented pieces or monuments which would give exceedingly valuable data. In future volumes it might be a help if the source of these were briefly indicated.

This feature and indeed the whole book is more than worth-while and the forthcoming volumes will no doubt be awaited with interest by all those who delight in this fascinating branch of art and culture history.

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By PAUL KAUFMAN. Century.

THE POLICE DOG

By DAVID BROCKWELL. Watt. \$2.50 net.

WHAT LA FOLLETTE'S STATE IS DOING

By CHESTER C. PLATT. Batavia, N. Y.: Times Press.

over into the general literature of the decorative arts.

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Foreign Literature

Negro Life in Africa

ULYSSE, CAFRE, OU L'HISTOIRE DOREE D'UN NOIR. By MARIUS-ARY LEBLOND. Paris: Les Editions de France. (New York: Brentano's). 1924.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. MADISON

THE author of this novel is at pains to present an attractive picture of Negro life in the French African colonies, believing his presentation important enough to be dedicated to M. Raymond Poincaré. The habits and customs of the African natives, and their attitude to life and to their white masters are described sympathetically and at length. The hold sorcery has upon them, and what the missionaries are doing to supplant the ceremonies of the sorcerers with the rites of the Church are especially emphasized. The struggle between the sorcerers and the priests for the mastery of the Negro souls is shown to be very keen. The children are gradually being converted to Christianity; how difficult it is for these children to overcome the superstitious fears of their parents is made pathetically concrete in the story of a brave boy of twelve who retains his faith in Christ at the cost of his life. The author tells these things in a realistic manner, and his solicitude for the Negro, though of a paternalistic nature, is quick and sincere.

As indicated by the sub-title, however, the novel is mainly concerned with the idealized portrayal of Ulysses, an elderly Kafir. When a young man he was rash enough to marry an Indian half-breed. In due time she bore him a son. One day she and the child disappeared. For a long time he did not much care, being sufficiently occupied with his duties as cook. Twenty years later his sudden desire to learn the whereabouts of his son causes him to leave his employment and to begin an itinerary from village to village in search of information. In the course of his travels he comes in contact with much of African life—Negro and white—and his reactions to it reveal his innate sympathy and intelligence. He comes upon his wife, who has turned sorceress. She initiates him into the extent and specialized state of her craft, but can tell him little of their son. She directs him, however, to the sorcerer who deals with just such cases as his. While carrying out the directions of Aristotle, an old sorcerer, he becomes attracted to a village priest and agrees to serve him in the capacity of housekeeper. Père des Vaysseaux is a sympathetic and honest priest, and he exerts a great influence over the simple Ulysses. The latter is gradually convinced that witchcraft is the work of the devil and that salvation is to be had from an adherence to the tenets of Christ, and he asks of his own free will to be baptized.

The story is well told, achieving its climax slowly but genuinely. The style is tinged with French Africanisms, but appears warm and burnished. Ulysses grows to life-size, a Negro much after the best manner of our own fictional Negroes of a bygone age. His sympathetic common sense ingratiates him as much with the reader as his doglike devotion does with his masters. Other characters are drawn with less exactitude but not without vividness. The melodramatic turn of plot, though obvious, is not objectionable. One in fact feels that Ulysses and Saint-Ange deserve the poetic justice dealt to them. The Church is presented somewhat overfavorably, but not exaggeratedly so. The

purpose of the author was primarily to reveal to his French readers the vicious state of witchcraft existing in the colonies; and the Church, being the force that opposed this superstition most, is naturally shown at its best. The environment in which these whites and blacks find their being and development is drawn clearly and interestingly. Americans concerned with the Negro problems in this country will find this novel of especial value.

Foreign Notes

A VOLUME of reminiscences, entitled "Reisebriefe von Alfred Lichtwark" (Hamburg: Westermann) which has been edited by Gustav Pauli, engagingly sets forth the impressions of persons and places formed by the Director of the Kunsthalle of Hamburg on his visits to England, France and the Scandinavian countries and in his own country. Naturally his work brought him into contact with many of the important artists of the day, and his book contains recollections of such men as Rodin and Charpentier, the composer, Thoma, Lenbach and Liebermann, and in addition has much comment on works of art and architecture in the countries he visited.

* * *

In his "Storici e Maestri" Professor Giocchino Volpe presents some interesting essays on Italian historians, and discusses at some length the organization of historical studies in Italian universities. His book should be of interest to historical students of other nations than his own.

* * *

A volume of recollections whose sprightliness should recommend them to the reader of memoirs has just appeared from the press of Van Goff in Brussels in the "Souvenirs de la Princesse de Ligne." The Princess, who came of an ancient Polish family, married in 1836, the Prince de Ligne who six years later was appointed Ambassador to Paris. She became an intimate friend of the Orleans family, and her account of life at the Court of Louis Philippe is full of animation and color.

* * *

Some of the early prose pieces of Marcel Proust have just been issued with a preface by Anatole France under the title "Les Plaisirs et les Jours" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française). The sketches show over and again the germ of the mature talent of the author, but their quality is rather one of promise than of excellence.

* * *

Signor Olindo Malagodi, editor of the *Tribuna* of Rome, and a writer of finished and charming style, has issued a collection of tales depicting the old Italian countryside which recovers for the present day a manner of life that has recently but definitely vanished. His portrayal of types, scenes and customs is sympathetic and vivid, and "Nonni, Padri e Neppoti" (Milan: Mondadori) makes excellent reading.

* * *

The motion picture has been a subject of much critical discussion as well as popular interest in Germany, and now some of the many who have been philosophizing about its technique and its place in relation to the drama have contributed to a volume entitled "Der Film von Morgen," edited by Hugo Zehder (Dresden: Kaemmerer). The articles in the book, while sometimes technical, are never unintelligible to the general reader, and should prove of interest to him as well as to the specialist.

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A Letter From Ireland

By MARY M. COLUM

IN some ways literature has not been at such a low ebb in Ireland for the last twenty years as at present; in some ways the Irish nation has not been at such a low ebb, though, perhaps, never were potentialities of both so high. There are a great many reasons why literature is at a low ebb: fine literary production in every country has been associated with periods of great national pride, and for some reason, at present, Irish pride is low, and this although the hereditary Irish race have banished all outward signs of the great British Empire out of the country. The Irish mind, as Francis Hackett has said, apart from the Gaelic mind, has nowhere to go. There are just two choices before it: to be intensely itself or to be second-hand English—the same choices in fact as the American mind faces. The new Irish governing class has not actually realized this; outside politics its lack of originality and initiative has left things in a state of stagnation, so that the inquiring stranger in Dublin is likely to see more of a second-rate British civilization than he would have seen fifteen years ago. The Tailteann Games were intended to symbolize the return of a Gaelic state into the modern world, and while the athletic side was admirably realized, the cultural and social sides represented a second-hand English civilization slightly tinged with a Gaelic atmosphere. The official guests, instead of being the men of achievement a vigorous new-born nationality should draw to herself, were a few nondescript Oriental princelets, a couple of German aristocrats, with Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, Mr. Augustus Johns, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, bringing up the rear—the guests, in fact, had something of the air of being out of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Then there was the significant fact that the volume of poetry singled out for crowning by Ireland's two most distinguished men of letters, was a book of verse by a gifted amateur of letters, Senator Oliver Gogarty, just such a volume as any one out of thirty or forty contemporary poets in English might have turned out, entirely lacking in both racial and personal distinction, although a good enough example of that accomplished sort of verse which the French call the poetry of *imitation et de gout*.

There are, however, many other things which react on literature in Ireland: there is the outstanding fact that not a single Irishman of letters can make a living in Ireland out of his writing. Indeed this country which has produced quite an extraordinary proportion of the best-known contemporary writers in English, has but a small reading population; there is a comparatively large horse-riding and fox-hunting aristocracy who read little, a small highly-educated, highly intellectual hereditary middle-class who are probably amongst the best-read and most accomplished and nimble-witted people in the world, but few of this class are wealthy; there is also a comparatively new, comparatively well-off and also highly-educated middle-class whose literary taste is not yet very subtle. Culture is one of the few things in the world that people really inherit from their ancestors; aristocracies can be turned out in a couple of generations—all that is really necessary is money. But it takes many generations to form a cultured class. Perhaps in this respect Ireland, Russia, and America are in the same galley, but America has the advantage over the other two countries in having a high sense of appreciation, and, on the whole, a very sound judgment. Nobody, I am convinced, could produce a fine work of art in America and remain unknown or unappreciated, though I admit he might be allowed to remain poor and socially unrecognized. The Irish sense of appreciation is not high, and this lack of appreciation, together with the impossibility of making a living, is the reason why so many Irish writers and artists of all kinds live and work out of Ireland.

The living Irish writers go into three groups: there is the older group which includes Yeats, A. E., Moore and Shaw, three of whom have spent most of their writing life in England; there is the group commonly called the younger Irish group, but which is now approaching middle age. The best of these are well-known in America, and several of them live out of Ireland. Then there is a younger group, of which the most promising of the poets is Austin Clarke, also gone to England, and the best of the novelists include Brinsley MacNamara, Daniel Corkery, and Aodh (Hugh) de Blacam, who in addition to being a novelist

is an essayist and critic—in fact with Mr. J. H. Hone, the only critic left in Ireland, for John Eglington, following the footsteps of so many others, has gone to live in England.

The literary events connected with the Tailteann games were interesting, but they were of slight literary importance. None of the judges of the competitions were enthusiastic about the work that came to their hands. The standards were not high; there was an exception in the case of drama in which both Lord Dunsany and Mr. T. C. Murray competed. The conditions attached to the literary events made for haphazard standards: in the general literary competitions they were too loose, for to these any body of Irish birth or descent could send in a work. On the other hand, in the crowning of authors' work, a function invented by Mr. W. B. Yeats, there was an unnecessary limitation of residence in Ireland during the past three years. Now the last three years in Ireland were particularly stormy, and few artists living in the country could do work of any kind. It was frankly admitted by one of the judges that the three years' residence condition was concocted to save the judges the embarrassment of having to consider James Joyce's "Ulysses." The chief event of the crowning was Mr. Yeats's speech, which, almost from beginning to end, was an apology. He paid dubious compliments all round and an exceptionally dubious one to Oliver Gogarty whose book of verse he was crowning, when he compared him and Henry James, saying that both were able to look at English country houses with fresh eyes—surely an equivocal merit for an Irish poet, or any poet! No crown was given for drama, although a really remarkable dramatist, Sean O'Casey, author of "Juno and the Paycock," had appeared within the prescribed three years. This latest Abbey Theatre dramatist has a rare gift of sustained sardonic satire—a more real, a more imaginative, though less intellectual satire than Shaw's. He is exactly the sort of dramatist that present-day Ireland needs, and, oddly enough, he has achieved a real popularity, the theatre being crowded when his plays are produced. But one does not hear much of him or meet him in official literary circles.

The Irish language is being given by the new government the same standing as English, although, from a literary point of view it still occupies a Cinderella position. For instance, at the official distribution of literary awards which took place in the Abbey Theatre during the Tailteann Games, not a single Gaelic writer appeared: any awards that were given them had not the prestige of being given in public and before a distinguished assembly. The awards were, perhaps, mailed to them. One looked at the judges on the stage who were giving out the medals: they were the usual Irish writers in English—Mr. Lennox Robinson, Dr. Padraic Colum, Mr. James Stephens, reinforced by an Englishman, Mr. Compton Mackenzie. The Gaelic language is being made compulsory in all the schools in the Free State, but one first-rate writer in Gaelic would do more to put it on its feet than all the government regulations in the world. We can only have a distinctive English speech in Ireland and a finely-flavored literature as long as Gaelic and the Gaelic spirit remains.

Dublin has the advantage at the present time of having two such remarkable literary personalities as Mr. W. B. Yeats and A. E. living within her bounds. The minds of these two great men are really poles apart: A. E. is a mystic with a turn for practical affairs, while Mr. Yeats is not a mystic at all, although one hears him frequently so described. He loves the occult, but the occult and the mystic belong to different worlds; he is a pure intellectual with an acutely subtle mind, interested in problems, speculations, riddles. At the moment Einstein and the Theory of Relativity have completely captured his mind. It would be a great deal better for the intellectual life of Dublin if Mr. W. B. Yeats and A. E. were not such great friends, and if a healthy rivalry existed between them and their followers. Their courteous habit of publicly backing up each other's judgments brings about a sort of stagnation. If, for example, when Mr. Yeats insists on crowning the elegant commonplaces in poetry, A. E. would thunder out his disapproval instead of politely acquiescing, there would come into literary life in Dublin a sadly needed vitality.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

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A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING
THE WIDOW'S HOUSE. By KATHLEEN COYLE (Dutton).
BARRETT WENDELL AND HIS LETTERS. Edited by M. A. DE-WOLFE HOWE (Atlantic Monthly).
POLITICS: THE CITIZENS' BUSINESS. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE (Macmillan).

J. D. L., Monticello, N. Y., asks if there is any book that describes or illustrates the various heads of Christ that have been painted.

"**T**HIS Medallic Portraits of Christ," by G. F. Hill, an illustrated monograph recently issued by the Oxford University Press, deals with the medals of the Renaissance only, and introduces the earlier portraits incidentally, without entering into the question of authenticity. It has also a chapter on false shekels and one on the legends concerning the thirty pieces of silver. Stephen Graham's "The Quest of the Face" (Macmillan), besides giving several Russian pictures of great beauty, speaks as a mystic on the search for a likeness that shall mean Jesus to the believer. "The Story of Jesus," arranged by Mrs. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (Marshall Jones), is the most beautiful of the modern collections in book-form of pictures by old masters in which Jesus is the central figure. It was planned for the religious instruction of her own children, and the selections from the Bible are illustrated by color plates from Italian Primitives.

L. H., Greenwood, S. C., and J. L. J., Pawtucket, R. I., ask for books that will do for the French language what the "Simplified Italian Manual" of A. L. Frothingham (Princeton University Press) recently advised, does for Italian.

"**A SHORTER French Course**," by Williams and Ripman (Dutton), is in two parts: the first is a new edition of a work published five years ago, which I greeted with enthusiasm, often recommended, and was often thanked for recommending; the second part is new and carries on the study to a further stage; either can be used separately. This is supposed to be used with a teacher, but is sufficiently explicit for use by a determined student without professional assistance. A student preparing for a visit to France will do well to get "A travers la France," a selection of texts and illustrations by Felix Beraut of Paris and Helene Harvitt of Teachers' College, with the collaboration of Dr. Raymond Weeks of Columbia (Oxford University Press). It opens with seven chapters of a student's journal on his trip and adds selections from modern writers from Balzac to Verhaeren in alphabetical order.

R. M., Denver, Colo., says that as the review of Lady Hosie's "Two Gentlemen of China" on August 25 said that the book "describes but scarcely interprets the spirit of our home life" he would like to know the names of some books that do interpret that spirit properly for one who has never been in China.

HE owns Sing Ging Su's monograph on "The Chinese Family System," Leong and Tao's "Village and Town Life in China," Lowes Dickinson's "Letters from John Chinaman," and several of Ku Hung-Ming's books, "as well as a number of British and American authors who do not seem to me to be able entirely to divest themselves from Occidental prejudices in discussing things Chinese." I have referred the matter to Mr. C. F. Liu of Columbia,

whose article on "The Ethical Implications of Moh Tin's Philosophy" will appear in the October issue of the *International Journal of Ethics*. He says that of the books mentioned he has read Dickinson's and the books by Ku Hung-Ming, who was his teacher in the National University of Peking, and that they are trustworthy interpretations so far as he can see. In addition he recommends these books and articles as penetrating, trustworthy and good: Emile Hovelacque's "China," which was translated from the French by Mrs. Laurence Binyon and published here not long ago by Dutton; Bertrand Russell's "The Problem of China" (Century), especially the chapter on Chinese civilization and the West. G. L. Dickinson's "An Essay on the Civilization of India, China and Japan," the chapter on China. Hung-Ming Ku's "The Conduct of Life," and two articles by John Dewey published in *Asia*; "New Culture in China," July, 1921, and "Old China and New," May, 1921. I may add that the first two books are especially good material for study clubs interested in contemporary history.

Louise Jordan Miln makes little effort at interpretation in her novel, "In a Shantung Garden," recently from Stokes, but the descriptions of home life in a wealthy and powerful Chinese family are vivid and convincing.

H. L. B., New Hampshire, asks for a book to meet family emergencies of illness and accident.

THE old-fashioned "doctor book" with lists of symptoms that could give you anything known to science for at least as long as you were reading them has been replaced by pleasantly written, practical manuals intended to help people to keep well. "The Health Book," by Dr. Royal S. Copeland (Harcourt, Brace) first appeared for the most part in newspapers; the advice on emergencies is precise and easily found in a hurry, and common ailments are described and, in a box at the head of each chapter, "what to do" set down in a few sentences, whether before the doctor comes or in such instances as home treatment will settle. "The Commonsense of Health," by Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart (Doran), is especially good to allay unnecessary fears and settle "scare-diseases"; it works with the doctor and its advice puts the reader on good terms with him. The immensely popular "Diet and Health with Key to the Calories," by Dr. Lulu Hunt Peters, has been followed by "Diet for Children (and adults)" (Dodd, Mead), with recipes and advice given in her sprightly manner and with the same "daffy-dil" pictures. Another book with advice on calories and vitamines is Inez McFee's "Food and Health" (Crowell), and there is a new edition of that standard work, "Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose (Macmillan). It has the advantage of additions to our knowledge of the subject since it first appeared in 1916, especially in the chapters on infant feeding and food for the sick and convalescent. Also the costs have been revised.

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Points of View

Killing The Goose

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

All travel writers must welcome the discussion between Sven Hedin, the famous veteran explorer, and Professor Ferdinand Ossendowski, author of "Men, Beasts and Gods." We must welcome it whether or not we consider the charges in this particular case to be justified.

Since no one can for a moment entertain the idea that so great a man as Sven Hedin would without the deepest conviction bring charges of "swindle" against a fellow author, it is fitting that he should be the one to open the much needed discussion of the ethics of travel narratives.

With the tremendous increase in popularity of travel books a serious responsibility has been laid upon their authors whose excuse for being lies in the sincerity of the pictures they bring to those who depend upon them for their excursions into worlds which in all probability they will never otherwise see. The arm-chair traveller who thus vicariously widens his horizon has not as a rule the necessary experience to say, this or that is true, and this or that is false.

Falsification in the writing of the travel book is therefore in the class with that type of thievery which borrows from a friend without intent to pay, rather than with the more honest burglary which does not presume upon confidence. The travel writer who is guilty of falsification is a traitor all around, betraying not only his audience and the publisher who trusts his rendering of the far-off scene, but betraying also those rival authors who are playing the game squarely. For what show have they with the adventurer who concocts his adventures and invents the hairbreadth escapes from which he always so miraculously does escape?

I have heard Stefansson quoted as saying, "Adventures? It is only the green traveller who has adventures. The experienced traveller guards against them."

And after all does not the author who invents adventure do so because his imagination is too poor to see that the great adventure is Life and that it is made up of things often small in themselves, but great in their revelation of the personality of unfamiliar lands and peoples?

We have already reached a point where publishers, vaguely uneasy, feel it necessary to advertise our wares as "true," as if that ought not to go without saying! But for the genius and sincerity of the work of certain outstanding men, the next step would be the death of the goose that once laid such golden eggs.

I do not go into the case of "Men, Beasts and Gods." I do not know the country or the conditions therein described. But I was unable to read beyond the first few chapters because of the sense of unreality and insincerity which the book inspired.

The discussion seems to me to be wider than the truth or falsity of some one particular book. It touches rather upon a crisis confronting the travel book. Most of the earth is now pretty well known. The travel narrators of the childhood of the planet were able to put upon paper hitherto unheard-of countries. That has all been done. The era is over. More must now be exacted of the travel writer.

In the old days plot was all that was asked of the novel. With a more sophisticated taste the public came to demand style and finally interpretation and analysis of character. The reader has a right to expect the same evolution in the matter of travel books. That he is beginning to do so is proved by the success of such modern travel writers as H. M. Tomlinson, whose "Sea and The Jungle" is a literary masterpiece; by the work of Cunningham-Graham, whose books on ancient and modern Colombia, for example, are not only thrilling and well-written, but are so accurate that one may travel through Colombia as I recently did, and find nowhere any slight deviation from facts as he presented them. There is also the work of Norman Douglas and of Stark Young; to mention only a few of the men who are setting the high standard by which all travel material should be measured.

Their work is a triumphant vindication of the travel book. And it is in the interests of such work that we must welcome Sven Hedin's contention that "distorted travel descriptions" must not be "presented to unsuspecting readers."

BLAIR NILES

The Fall Books

(Continued from page 205)

(Doubleday, Page); "The Gray Beginning," by Edward Shenton (Penn); "The Devonshires," by Honore Willsie Morrow (Stokes); "Sard Harker," by John Masefield (Cassell); "Sails of Sunset," by Cecil Roberts (Stokes); "The Old Men of the Sea," by Compton Mackenzie (Stokes); "The Dream of Fair Women," by Henry Williamson (Dutton), and "Joselyn," by Henry Justin Smith (Hyman-McGee).

The last few weeks have seen the recognition in America of a novelist who has long enjoyed the regard of the *cognacents* in England and who with his latest work has sprung to a sudden high eminence in the latter country, E. M. Forster, whose "A Passage to India" (Harcourt, Brace), has been proclaimed the outstanding novel of the day by British critics. Mr. Forster's fellow-countryman, Francis Brett Young, has also been brought to the attention of the American public inexplicably long after his reputation had been made a tale of human relations in an exotic environment which is notable for the restraint and art of its handling and the delicacy of its psychological portrayal. If the present season has broadened the reputation of Mr. Forster and Mr. Brett Young, it has brought forth a long array of books by British authors whose place is already secure in this country. May Sinclair in her "Arnold Waterlow" (Macmillan) has added another to the number of searching psychological studies which have advanced her to the first rank among novelists of the day; Anne Douglas Sedgwick has reached the high water mark of her fine art in "A Little French Girl" (Houghton Mifflin); Aldous Huxley has followed his "Antic Hay" with another collection of short stories, "Young Archimedes" (Doran); John Galsworthy further continues the annals of the Forsyte family in "The White Monkey" (Scribner); a posthumous volume "The Little Girl" (Knopf) brings together some more of the delicate tales of Katherine Mansfield; Arnold Bennett reintroduces certain of the characters of "Riceyman Steps" in his forthcoming "Elsie and the Child" (Doran), and Compton Mackenzie continues his parson's progress in "The Heavenly Ladder" (Doran). Among other volumes of which special mention should be made are "The Old Ladies," by Hugh Walpole (Doran); "Elaine at the Gates," by W. B. Maxwell (Doubleday, Page); "The House of Prophecy," by Gilbert Cannan (Seltzer); "Some Do Not," by Ford Madox Ford (Seltzer); "Unity," by J. D. Beresford (Bobbs-Merrill); "The Triumph of Galilio," by W. L. George (Harpers); "After the Verdict," by Robert Hichens (Doran); Stella Benson's "Pipers and a Dancer" (Macmillan); "The Boy in the Bush," by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner (Seltzer), a collaboration in the course of which the original version of the story underwent a sea-change; "To-Morrow and To-Morrow," by Stephen McKenna (Little, Brown), and "Redcliff," by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan); "Anthony Dade's Progress," by Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead); "The Coming of Amos," by William J. Locke (Dodd, Mead), and "A Viennese Medley," by Edith O'Shaughnessy (Huebsch); "A Bishop Out of Residence," by Victor L. Whitechurch (Duffield); "The Shirt of Flame," by Halidé Edib Hanum (Duffield); "The Widow's House," by Kathleen Coyle (Dutton), and "The Priceless Pearl," by Alice Duer Miller (Dodd, Mead).

The interest which the war wakened in foreign literature shows no signs of abating, and translations of novels from the Scandinavian, the German, the French and the Russian still continue to appear. Among the more notable of these mention must be made of "Marbacka" (Century), an autobiographical novel covering the youthful years of its author, Selma Lagerlöf; of Pio Baroja's "Red Dawn" (Knopf); Johan Bojer's "A Pilgrimage" (Century); Knut Hamsun's "Segelfoss Town" (Knopf); Princess Marie Bibesco's charming portrayal of Rumanian life, "Ivor" (Stokes); Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice" (Knopf); Paul Morand's "Closed All Night" (Seltzer), the second volume of Romain Rolland's "The Soul Enchanted"; "Summer" (Holt); Blasco Ibáñez's "Queen Calafia" (Dutton); Claude Farrère's "Thomas the Lambkin" (Dutton),

and "The Giant Cat," by J. H. Rosny (McBride).

The poetical output for the season while perhaps less in quantity than at the corresponding period during the past few years is nevertheless notable, if only for the appearance of Edgar Lee Masters's "The New Spoon River" (Boni & Liveright), a volume fashioned after the original "Spoon River Anthology" but almost a commentary upon it as well as a continuation of its epitaphs; a new volume by H. D., entitled "Heliodora" (Houghton Mifflin), and "The Flaming Terrapin" (Dial), by Roy Campbell, a young Australian poet whose vigorous imagination and vivid and flowing verse have won the commendation of critics both in England and America. Nathalia Crane's "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems" (Seltzer) stands out as perhaps the most remarkable of the volumes of verse produced by children—an amazing performance in the maturity of its thought and the facility of its technique. John Crowe Ransom's "Chills and Fever" (Knopf), T. Sturge Moore's "Judas: An Epic Poem" (Hyman-McGee), Arthur Symons's "Love's Cruelty" (A. & C. Boni); W. H. Davies's "Secrets" (Harcourt, Brace), and Mark Van Doren's "Spring Thunder and Other Poems" (Seltzer), are also worthy of mention.

The travel books of the past few weeks have not only been broad in their range but in many instances works of distinct literary quality. Prominent among them is the beautifully made "Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan" (Putnam), by Rockwell Kent, a book of genuine distinction; Helen Churchill Candee's "Angkor the Magnificent" (Stokes), a vivid portrayal of a dead splendor; Vernon Quinn's "Beautiful Mexico" (Stokes); Mary Austen's "The Land of Journey's Endings" (Century); W. N. Beaver's "Unexplored New Guinea" (Lippincott); Harry A. Franck's "Glimpses of Japan and Formosa" (Century), a book of large interest; "With Stefansson in the Arctic," by Harold Noice (Dodd, Mead), "Paris," by George Wharton Edwards (Pens), and Konrad Bercovici's "Around the World in New York" (Century).

In the fields of economics and politics, international affairs, philosophy, religion and science, there has been an interesting output of books. Limitations of space prevent their characterization, but some idea of their range may be gathered from the following titles. "The Educational and Literary and Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson," by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd (Harpers); Jules J. Jusserand's "School for Ambassadors" (Putnam); Edgar E. Robinson's "Evolution of American Political Parties" (Harcourt, Brace); "These United States: Second Series," by Ernest Gruening (Boni & Liveright); Hartley B. Alexander's "Nature and Human Nature" (Open Court); John Dewey's "Experience and Nature" (Open Court); "Non-Voting," by C. E. Merriam and H. F. Gosnell (University of Chicago); George Grant MacCurdy's "Human Origins" (Appleton); Morris R. Cohen's "Reason and Nature" (Harcourt, Brace); Paul Kammerer's "The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics" (Boni & Liveright); "The Character of Races" by Ellsworth Huntington (Scribner); "The Electron," by Robert A. Millikan (University of Chicago); "The Origin of Magic and Religion," by W. J. Perry (Dutton); "Socialism," by Ramsay MacDonald (Bobbs-Merrill); "The Sociology of Revolution," by P. Sorokin (Lippincott); "The Modern Use of the Bible," by Harry Emerson Fosdick (Macmillan); "At the Gateways of the Day," by Padraig Colum (Yale University Press); "A Popular History of American Invention," edited by Waldemar Kaempffert (Scribner); "The Story of Early Chemistry," by John Maxson Stillman (Appleton); "The Fruit of the Family Tree," by Albert Edward Wiggin (Bobbs-Merrill); and "Beacon Lights of Science," by Theodore F. Van Wagenen (Crowell).

No list of the books of the season would be complete without mention of the "Cross Word Puzzle Books" (Simon & Schuster) which have swept the country like wildfire, and which while not literature are nevertheless a phenomenon of the fall literary season. Another interesting book that falls into no specific category is "The Book of Hobbies," by Charles W. Taussig and Theodore A. Meyer (Minton, Balch). In "The Reader's Guide Book," by May Lamberton Becker (Holt), and "Twisted Tales," by Christopher Ward (Holt), *The Saturday Review* has a special interest.



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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE BEST SAFEGUARD

THE increasing value of rare autographic material all over the world is encouraging the forger and counterfeiter. Even the Prussian Academy of Sciences has been swindled on a supposed fourth century manuscript of a fragment of the works of the Latin author Plautus. Within a year, a collection of autograph letters and documents, supposed to have been written by the war leaders of Germany, turned out to be forgeries. Another collection, supposed to have been written by Napoleon, which received great publicity in the newspapers of Europe, also proved to be fakes. More recently we have heard a great deal about the lost books of Livy and the desire to find a £1,000,000 purchaser. We mention these cases because they have received world-wide attention and show what the fakirs are doing.

But there has been a multitude of transactions of a minor character about which the public have heard nothing and there are likely to be a great many more in the future. Collectors who do not want to be imposed upon should give greater care in important purchases. The best safeguard is to buy from reliable and expert dealers, or

from auction houses that are experienced and trustworthy. The collector who does this is not likely to suffer losses.

DICKENS IN MEMORY

A NEW volume entitled "Critical Studies of Charles Dickens," by George Gissing, has just been published in a limited edition by Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. of this city. It contains nine critical studies of separate works of Dickens, three of which appear here for the first time in print. It also has an introduction by Temple Scott, a tribute to the great novelist entitled "Dickens in Memory," by Gissing, and also a bibliography of Gissing's writings. It is a volume that appeals to both Gissing and Dickens collectors. Part of a paragraph devoted to the influence of Forster's "Life of Dickens" in the early years of Gissing's apprenticeship is of special interest:

"From the purchase of Forster's 'Life' dates a second period of my Dickens memories, different in kind and in result from those which are concerned with the contents of the novels. At this time I had begun my attempts in the art of fiction; much of my day was spent in writing, and often enough it happened that such writing had

(Continued on page 219)

The New Books

Science

(Continued from page 210)

WIRELESS POSSIBILITIES. By A. M. Low. Dutton. \$1.

THE MOON-ELEMENT. By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE. Appleton.

STUDIES IN HUMAN BIOLOGY. By RAYMOND PEARL. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins. \$8.

Sociology

THE CUSTOMS OF MANKIND. By LILLIAN EICHLER. Nelson Doubleday. 1924. \$3 net.

This volume, by the author of the widely-selling "Book of Etiquette," may be regarded as a gloss on that text as well as a study of the origin and evolution of civilization. For Miss Eichler has so handled her material that matters of present-day etiquette are thrown into relief wherever possible and the emphasis placed on contemporary customs rather than on the practices from which they sprang. Yet her work is a compendium of curious and fascinating information, an account of the birth in barbarism and the growth through the ages of the customs which are many of them the commonplaces and automatic reactions of society, on the face of them sometimes apparently purposeless but which traced to their sources are found to have their basis in exigencies or habits unknown to the present. The volume covers a variety of subjects, social usage, courtship and marriage customs, the making of gifts, hospitality and entertainment, funeral practices, superstitions and holidays—in fact the many facets of community life. The material is presented in readable and orderly fashion, and is of itself of such rich interest as to insure for Miss Eichler's book a large public.

THE RED MAN IN THE UNITED STATES. Edited by G. E. E. LINDQUIST. Doran. \$3.50 net.

Travel

DOWNLAND PATHWAYS. By A. HADRIAN ALLCROFT. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.50.

We need do little more than echo Mr. Lucas's words, in his introduction to this pleasant book on Sussex. He found it "fascinating reading," because "Mr. Allcroft is a very good writer who rejoices in his subject." *Rejoices* is the proper word—otherwise Mr. Lucas would not use it—and the only complaint a reader might make of this topographical study of one of the richest regions in England, is the continual breeze of enthusiasm that follows Mr. Allcroft's wanderings. That complaint is ungenerous, and need not be maintained. The topographical book that is perfect, as a companion, has yet to be written; and the reason it has not been written is that no writer can manage his silences to suit the reader's mood—unless he forsakes the strictly topographical. The wis-

est topographers, perhaps, choose the sea; the land enforces a cheery mention of *this*, when you would sooner be reflecting on *that*; and so the man who tries to mention everything is bound to be up against difficulties. But for vestiges of the past attractively arrayed; for people without history and castles with; for a generous sympathy for facts and a graceful handling of fictions; for stories and tales and information generally about the South Downs and the Sussex of romance and actuality; for all these things, and a glimpse of a light-hearted cicerone whose knowledge is varied and interestingly conveyed, we cheerfully recommend "Downland Pathways." Its purpose is to please those who know and those who want to know their Sussex. Both classes will be satisfied.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF ROBERT LANGTON. Edited by E. M. BLACKIE. Harvard University Press.

A LOITERER IN LONDON. By HELEN W. HENDERSON. Doran. \$5 net.

THE ARAB AT HOME. By PAUL W. HARRISON. Crowell. \$3.50 net.

THE CALL OF THE VELD. By LEONARD FLEMMING. Holt. \$3.50.

THE ROMANCE OF FORGOTTEN TOWNS. By JOHN T. FARIS. Harpers. \$6.

THE LAND OF JOURNEY'S ENDING. By MARY AUSTIN. Century. \$4.

COLOMBIA, LAND OF MIRACLES. By BLAIR NILES. Century. \$3.50.

WHERE STRANGE GODS CALL. By HARRY HERVEY. Century. \$3.

WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA. By LOWELL THOMAS. Century. \$4.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN AND FORMOSA. By HARRY A. FRANCK. Century. \$3.

TALES OF A WESTERN MOUNTAINEER. By C. E. RUSK. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

A GRINGO IN MANANA-LAND. By HARRY L. FOSTER. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

DOWN IN GRAND CANYON. By LEWIS R. FREEMAN. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

COASTING DOWN EAST. By ETHEL HUSTON. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

ACROSS THE SAHARA BY MOTOR CAR. By GEORGES MARIE HAARDT and LOUIS AU-DOUIN-DUBREUIL. Appleton.

RAMBLES IN OLD LONDON. By GEORGE BYRON GORDON. Jacobs.

CANNES AND THE HILLS. By RENE JUTA. Small, Maynard.

VOYAGING. By ROCKWELL KENT. Putnam. \$7.50.

THE SEA GYPSY. By EDWARD A. SALISBURY and MERIEN C. COOPER. Putnam. \$3.50.

Dollar Books



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By M. E. RAVAGE

Author of *An American in the Making*, *The Malady of Europe*.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE have actually read some books through recently. To begin with, we took a whirl at *Kenneth Burke's "The White Oxen"* (A. & C. Boni) and found the best story in it to be "Mrs. Maecenas." Burke feels that there is "a certain progression of method" in the book. He sees in the stories "a gradual shifting of stress away from the realistically convincing and true to life" with "a corresponding increase of stress upon the more rhetorical properties of letters." "It is a great privilege," he adds, "to do this in an age where rhetoric is so universally despised." However that may be, examining these stories in their chronological order we ourselves perceive signs of a structural disintegration. There is also a greater and greater intrusion of fantasy in the latter part of the book, which, in "The Book of Yule" and "In Quest of Olympus" emits flashes both of the earlier H. G. Wells and of Little Nemo in Slumberland. "First Pastoral," toward the end, is rather well executed. "David Wassermann," in the middle, concerns about the most disgusting slug of a character we have met with in recent fiction. Mr. Burke does not remind us of Joyce, but he has the bad habit of inserting a completely uncalled-for detail of remark every now and again whose only effect upon us has been to engender disgust. We wonder at this bad habit. It is, possibly, in order to bear out his quotation at the beginning of the book:

Lasciviam verborum licentiam . . . excusarem, si meum esset exemplum: sic scribit Catullus, sic Marsus, sic Pedo, sic Getulicus, sic quicunque perlegitur.

This is a quotation from *Martial*, and Mr. Burke may or may not be the modern Martial. He displays qualities of observation and imagination that interest, but a curious lack of instinct for design. "The Book of Yule" and "In Quest of Olympus" queerly enough seem even to bear traces of *Dunsany*. Mr. Burke appears to us mistaken in the idea that such a sentence as the following is good writing:

The various arteries of the city having been loosened by the phlebotomy of five o'clock, the streets dripped profusely.

This sentence opens one story and is, presumably, arresting. The author's preoccupation with matters that he also excoriates as the preoccupations of modern business men and modern advertising offends elsewhere, the more inasmuch as Burke gives evidence every now and again of decided originality. His management of the sudden kidnapping of Mr. Dougherty from the express out of 116th Street gave us our only laugh in the book and seemed to us a feat achieved. But in general, though there is some talk of wit, a rather modern style does not convey it, and we feel the force of Mr. Burke's own remark on page 169 about "a wobbly art trying to hit us on the head with a club."

Speaking of "Mr. Dougherty"—the real Mr. Dougherty, George S., former Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives of the New York Police Department, has put forth a decidedly interesting volume in "The Criminal as a Human Being." It is largely a case-book, with many peculiar citations; and Mr. Dougherty seems to us most rational when he remarks:

Take an ex-criminal who wants to go straight, and put him in the movies, where one day he is a Turk, and the next day a motorman, and the next day a general, and you have given him a job that he will thoroughly enjoy. It is hard to run steadily in low gear after you have been speeding along on high. . . . You cannot take a man or a woman who has been leading the thrilling life of a criminal and make him or her happy at a colorless job. Nine times in ten, that is why efforts to reform criminals fail.

Having once been a Centurion, L. Frank Tooker's "The Joys and Tribulations of an Editor" has interested us peculiarly. It is written with quiet, courteous humor and from a fund of observation quiet also, but sometimes exceedingly keen. A particularly cogent chapter is "The Business of Catching Larks." L. F. T. tells how the *Century* editors who ran Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf" were disposed to accept unquestioningly London's maritime detail. Jack London had, for instance, overspurred the *Ghost* and Mr. Tooker, familiar with the dimensions of sails from boyhood, checked him up by consultations on South Street. Thus certain nautically esoteric errors in the manuscript were remedied. Tooker, incidentally, lamented the rejection by the Century Company of Conrad's "Typhoon," which he felt was truth itself.

Again he speaks of a now forgotten writer, Lawrence Mott, who, as an undergraduate at Harvard, wrote some astonishingly ex-

uberant tales of a Canadian *courieur de bois*. He was, at one time, regarded—at least by the *Century* editors—as "the coming man."

The Atlantic Edition of *H. G. Wells* is a new, superior, uniform edition in twenty-eight volumes published by Scribner's. It will be limited to one thousand numbered sets for America and six hundred for Great Britain. The first volume in each set will be autographed by Wells, who has written a general introduction to the set and special prefaces to each volume.

Some little time ago the *Saturday Review of Literature* adverted to the fact that there seemed to be now no outstanding magazine on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Harry Noyes Pratt has since informed us of the progress of *The Overland Monthly*, the oldest magazine of the West, founded by Bret Harte in 1868. He has sent sample copies, and we have found several articles of interest, one upon *Hazel Hall*, "The Singer by the Window," the poet of Portland, who died recently after achieving considerable distinction in American verse, the other upon Bret Harte's daughter, *Ethel Bret Harte*, who has come to California ("she was born after Bret Harte left California never to return") as a preacher of the gospel of the attainment of health through "rhythmic unity of breath and gesture."

When Walter Hines Page was editor of *The Forum* it used to be a remarkable magazine, and now that *Henry Goddard Leach* has it it seems to be renewing its vigor. In the October issue there is a dialogue between Shaw and Archibald Henderson in which it appears that Shaw only vaguely remembers the name of Edith Wharton and has never heard of Willa Cather or Zona Gale. He, however, knows and likes Sinclair Lewis. His last word about "Ulysses" is

"Ulysses" is a document, the outcome of a passion for documentation that is as fundamental as the artistic passion—more so, in fact; for the document is the root and stem of which the artistic fancyworks are the flowers. Joyce is driven by his documentary daimon to place on record the working of a young man's imagination for a single day in the environment of Dublin. The question is, is the document authentic? If I, having read some scraps of it, reply that I am afraid it is, then you may rise up and demand that Dublin be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt. And I may say, do so by all means. But that does not invalidate the document.

There is much more of unusual interest in this article, as Shaw says some most effective things upon the general question of the censorship of reading.

Harry Hervey, who has just brought out "Where Strange Gods Call," "the first thing," he says, "I've done that isn't melodrama," goes on to tell us, from Savannah, Ga.:

Incidentally, I have been damably versatile lately. I temporarily joined on (for amusement) with the *Marguerite Bryant Players* (a stock company) and have been doing an Oriental dance number in "The Gingham Girl." You'll be amused to see one of the press clippings, so I'm quoting it: "An added and unique act was the Oriental dance presented by Harry Hervey—novelist, short story writer, traveler, critic and actor—who with Dorothy Bacon delighted us with a spectacular surprise. The costumes were brought from China by Mr. Hervey himself, having obtained them at a fortuitous sale of some of the gorgeous robes of the royal palace at Peking. His dancing was such as could have been done only by the perfect athlete trained to the grace of motion. It was a typical thing—daring and strange to many—but as uniquely striking as it was true to the Far Eastern class of dancing. Mr. Hervey achieved a further triumph in that one never forgot his masculinity for a moment, so virile and authentic was his technique. . . ."

It was lots of fun—but I stopped as it was interfering with my "literature." I am, however, going to do the part of the Emperor in a performance of "The Daughter of Heaven" by Pierre Loti, to be presented in November by the Town Players. Now just see how historic we're getting!

We have had a pleasant letter from Frank H. Vizetelly who demurs at being apparently accredited with the honor of presiding over the fortunes of *The International Book Review*, which honor belongs to Clifford Smyth. Mr. Vizetelly says: "my chief work for the company (Funk & Wagnall's) is on the reference books—dictionaries, encyclopedias and other general books of reference on English and mental efficiency."

And so, for the nonce, our bow!

W. R. B.

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(Continued from page 217)
be done amid circumstances little favorable to play of the imagination, or intentions of the mind. Then it was that the life of Dickens" came to my help. When I was tired and discouraged and seemed to have lost interest in my work, I took down *Foster* and read at random, sure to come upon something which restored my spirits and renewed the zest that had failed me. Surely as a narrative of a wonderfully active, zealous, and successful life, this book scarce has its equal; almost any reader will find it exhilarating; but to me it yielded such special sustenance as, in those days, I could not have found elsewhere, and lacking which, I should have failed by the way. I am not referring to Dickens's swift triumph, to his resounding fame and high prosperity; these things are cheery to read about, especially when shown in a light so human, with the accompaniment of such merriment and mirth. No; the pages which invigorated me were those where one sees Dickens at work, alone at his writing-table, absorbed in the task of the story-teller. Constantly he makes known to *Forster* how his story is getting on, speaks in detail of difficulties, rejoices over spells of happy labor, and what splendid sincerity in it all. If this work of his was not worth doing, why, nothing was. . . . A man of method, too, with no belief in the theory of usual inspiration; fine artist as he is, he

goes to work regularly, punctually; one hears of breakfast advanced by a quarter of an hour, that the morning's session may be more fruitful. Well, this it was that stirred me, not to imitate Dickens as a novelist, but to follow afar off as a worker. From this point of view the debt I owe to him is incalculable. Among the best of my memories under a lowering sky when I sought light in the pages of his biographer, and rarely sought in vain."

RARE CONFEDERATE IMPRINT

IN the Edwards collection sold last week in Philadelphia by Stan. V. Henkels, was a rare Confederate broadside, "An Address to the People of the Free States by the President of the Southern Confederacy," dated Richmond, January 5, 1863, a folio printed at the Richmond *Enquirer's* office. This item was unknown to collectors until it appeared in one of Mr. Henkel's catalogues last season. It is one of the most important of all Confederate imprints, representing, as it does, the final joining of the issue of slavery between the Federal Government and the Southern Confederacy. The address reads:

"Abraham Lincoln, the President of the Non-Slaveholding States, has issued his proclamation, declaring the slaves within the limits of the Southern Confederacy to be free. . . . Now, therefore, as a compensating measure, I do hereby issue the fol-

lowing Address to the People of the Non-Slaveholding States, on and after February 22, 1863, all free negroes within the limits of the Southern Confederacy shall be placed on the slave status, and be deemed to be chattels, they and their issue forever. All negroes who shall be taken in any of the States in which slavery does not now exist, in the progress of our arms, shall be adjudged, immediately after such capture, to occupy the slave status and in all States which shall be vanquished by our arms, all free negroes shall, *ipso facto*, be reduced to the condition of helotism, so that the respective normal conditions of the white and black races may be ultimately placed upon a permanent basis," etc.

NOTE AND COMMENT

We have received from J. A. Allen & Co. of London a neat little catalogue of some fifty first editions of Joseph Conrad's works. They also offer for £250 the original manuscript of "Legends" described as the last words written by Conrad on eleven and a half large sheets. Conrad intended this to be enlarged into a volume of intimate memories of the sailors he had met, which should be a kind of pendant to the "Mirrors of the Sea." The manuscript illustrates Conrad's care in revision and as the last pages from his pen will have a special interest and value.

G. H. Last, a bookseller of Kent, England, offers the following unusual collection in his current catalogue:

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This collection was the property of a noted collector who spent fifty years in making it. It is not only unique but the collector who made it never learned of any similar collection elsewhere.

Written by an intimate personal friend of Benedetto Croce, Giovanni Castellano's study of the Italian educator and philosopher recently issued in Maples by Ricciardi is one of the most illuminating interpretations of the ideas and work of Croce yet to appear.

3 3

Under the title of "Reden" what is presumably a complete collection of Walther Rathenau's speeches has been issued by Fischer in Berlin. The book contains addresses delivered before the international or inter-Allied Conferences at Cannes and Genoa, which have been previously printed, and in addition some three hundred pages of other addresses.

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